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TOPICS OF THE DAY

A FRIENDLESS CORPORATION TAX

WHATEVER the merits of President Taft's corporation tax, it must be said that the press of the country seem to have turned a cold shoulder to it. This unfriendliness is based upon the alleged inequity of the measure, and finds equally vigorous expression in Republican, Democratic, and Independent organs. Changes which have lessened Wall Street's hostility seem to have no effect upon the general criticisms of the editors. The *Washington Herald* (Ind.), it is true, suspects the activity of "selfish interests" behind the newspaper outcry against this tax, and the *Dayton Journal* (Rep.) remarks confidently that President Taft would not deliberately commit himself to a measure as bad as its enemies claim this one to be. Washington dispatches, moreover, state that both Houses favor it and that the President's faith in his tax remains unshaken by the clamor of its critics.

As laid before the Senate last week the Corporation Tax Bill provides for a 2-per-cent. tax on the net earnings in excess of \$5,000 of all corporations, joint stock companies, and associations, organized for profit and having a capital stock represented by shares, and all insurance companies. Also foreign corporations, to the extent of their business in the United States, are liable for the tax. The net income upon which the tax is paid is to be ascertained by deducting from the gross income of the corporation all ordinary and necessary expenses of operation and maintenance; all uncompensated losses actually sustained during the year; all "interest actually paid within the year on its bonded or other indebtedness not exceeding the paid-up capital stock"; all Federal or State taxes already paid; and all amounts received by it as "dividends upon stock of other corporations subject to the tax hereby imposed." Other salient provisions of the bill are thus summarized by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*:

"Every concern subject to the tax is required, on or before March 1 of each year, to make a true and accurate return, under oath or affirmation of its president, vice-president, or other principal officer, and its treasurer or assistant treasurer, covering the character of its organization and the amount of business transacted during the year, to the Collector of Internal Revenue for the district in which the corporation is organized. . . .

"Local collectors will transmit the returns forthwith to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington.

"Upon evidence justifying the opinion that the return made by a corporation is incorrect, or whenever insufficient or no return has been made the Commissioner is empowered to designate any regularly appointed revenue agent to examine the books or papers of such corporation, and take testimony of a responsible officer of the corporation in order to produce the information required for the purpose of assessing the tax. The Commissioner is authorized also to invoke the aid of any United States court to require the

attendance of such officers or employees and the production of books and papers. Upon the information so acquired the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may amend any return or make a return where none has been made.

"After assessments have been made the returns of corporations must be filed in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and they will then constitute public records and as such will be opened for inspection. For the protection of a corporation against the wrongful use of information the following is provided:

"It shall be unlawful for any collector, deputy collector, agent, clerk, or other officer or employee of the United States to divulge or make known in any manner whatever, not provided by law, to any person any information obtained by him in the discharge of his official duty, or to divulge or make known in any manner not provided by law any document received, evidence taken, or report made under this section, except upon the special direction of the President; and any offense against the foregoing provision shall be a misdemeanor and be punished by a fine not exceeding \$1,000 or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, at the discretion of the court.

"If any corporation subject to the tax refuses or neglects to make a return in the manner required or shall make a false or fraudulent return it is liable to a penalty of not less than \$1,000 and not exceeding \$10,000. When any person authorized by law to make or to verify a return shall make a false or fraudulent statement for the purpose of evading the assessment he becomes liable to a fine not exceeding \$1,000 or a prison sentence of not more than one year, or both."

The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) fails to find "a single Republican newspaper of standing" which "favors the idea of a corporation tax," and adds that if its advocates persist in pushing it "the enactment of the Tariff Law will go over into August." "The more this tax is considered, the less favor it is likely to meet with," remarks the *Des Moines Register and Leader* (Rep.). Even the proponents of the scheme, thinks the *Boston Transcript* (Ind. Rep.), "are beginning to see some of its many inherent difficulties." "Only one thing can be predicted about the tax with certainty," according to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* (Rep.), namely, that "it will clog the courts with lawsuits," and the *New York Press* (Rep.) sees puzzles enough in it "to keep all the lawyers and judges busy for many years." "To levy a tax of 2 per cent. upon the laborer's daily wage would be quite as defensible," exclaims the *Detroit Journal* (Rep.). The tax "will appeal to Western States at least as inequitable," asserts the *Denver Republican* (Rep.), which goes on to give its reasons for this opinion:

"Under business conditions existing in the West practically every commercial enterprise of any magnitude is conducted under the corporate form of ownership. Partnerships are becoming more and more things of the past. The laws in some ways make it expedient for men embarking in business to adopt the corporate

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plan. Through the stock certificates the exact share of every partner in the undertaking is not only more readily declared, but interests may be taken on or disposed of with the least possible disturbance of company affairs. The corporate body itself becomes a citizen, an entity, and buys and sells, transacts business on its own account indifferent to who are its stockholders. Mercantile houses, banks, mines, stock ranches, theaters, mills, shops, newspapers, abstract and real estate offices, practically every form of business which once was owned and managed by some firm of two or three members, is now a corporation and all would fall under the regulations of this proposed new law. Already each pays its share of taxes the same as an individual on what it owns and the new law would make it pay doubly for being a corporation instead of a firm of individuals. Not one in ten of the companies which would be reached by the new enactment are of the character included in the public clamor against overbearing wealth. . . .

"Since no interpretation can construe such a law as anything less than class legislation, should the plan of the President be adopted the discrimination should at least go farther and pick out only that class of corporations which fall under the ban of objectionability, such as trusts and near approaches to monopolies."

"A partial and unjust tax," is the way the *Portland Oregonian* (Rep.) describes the President's pet measure. The same paper goes on to say:

"An individual makes money in his business, yet is not to be taxed on his profits. A partnership makes money in its business and obtains large dividends from the earnings, yet is not to pay the tax thereon. But a business conducted in the name of a corporation is to pay the tax. Wherein is the fairness here?"

While recognizing all these faults and others in the proposed tax scheme, the *New York Press* (Rep.) brings the heaviest indictment against it on the ground that it has side-tracked the whole tariff program. To quote:

"Rare has been the national legislation more unpopular with all classes and conditions than the corporation tax—not because the plan is highly artificial and fundamentally unsound, but because it is another drag in the long and costly delay with which the patience of the American people is worn out."

Turning to the Democratic press we meet with the same objections. "The people are beginning to wake up to the fact that a very great many of them are interested in the proposed tax on the earnings of corporations," remarks the *Savannah News* (Dem.), which adds that it "looks like a scheme to tax the poor rather than the rich." And the *Buffalo Enquirer* (Dem.) comments as follows:

"It is dangerous to fool the people too many times hand-running."



MORE MILK—THE MORE FEED.

—Gregg in the *New York American*.



WOULDN'T IT BE CRUEL IN CONGRESS TO FASTEN A LOAD ON THE TRUSTS?

—Rehse in the *Saint Paul Pioneer-Press*.

Deception with relation to the corporation tax will look to the public like the work of those whom Editor Roosevelt the other day classified as 'sinister and adroit reactionaries.' "

In the editorial columns of the independent papers it is the same story. It is "an unthinkable scheme of taxation" in the opinion of the *Springfield Republican* (Ind.). Says the *Washington Post* (Ind.):

"The general expression of the press is one of regret that this complicated, experimental piece of legislation should be proposed at this time, when Congress and the country are weary of tariff and taxation problem. The corporation tax is a novelty, and therefore it requires study before acceptance. The newspapers seem to think that certainties, and not experiments, should be adopted at this time, when the prime necessity is the raising of revenue."

The independent papers of New York City were quoted in these pages last week, and their attitude of hostility toward the corporation tax has not changed at this writing. Of the scheme as it has finally emerged after certain changes intended to obviate the objections to too much publicity *The American* (Ind.) says:

"Colbert, the famous financial adviser of an extravagant king, Louis XIV., defined taxation to be the process of plucking the greatest quantity of feathers from the public goose while provoking the least possible amount of hissing. President Taft's plan for a 2-per-cent. tax on all corporations has been revised and relieved of those features which were sure to make the plucked goose hiss too loudly. . . .

"This does not change the fact that the proposed tax scheme is wrong, because it is unjust and unequal. An income tax would be fairer, because it would treat all alike. An individual makes money in his business, yet is not to be taxed on his profits. A partnership makes money in its business, and divides large dividends from the earnings, yet is not to pay a tax thereon. Some of the largest fortunes in America are invested in the bonds of corporations, and some of the holders of these bonds 'toil not neither do they spin,' but live in idle luxury, contributing nothing to the work or welfare of mankind; they will continue to live tax free—as far as President Taft's plan provides—until death levies a succession tax on their estates. This is fundamentally wrong."

The *Boston Herald* (Ind.) remarks that the effect of these changes has been "to amputate the tail of the corporation tax in close proximity to its ears." It adds:

"The glee with which the corporations welcome the tailless

creature and approve of its lack of offense should be suggestive. Why, then, the dog? President Taft said because of his tail. But the tail has been cut off. Is there any reason except that his growl will still be left to satisfy a supposed 'popular' demand for a show of displeasure at incorporated capital?"

THRUSTING MONEY UPON CHINA

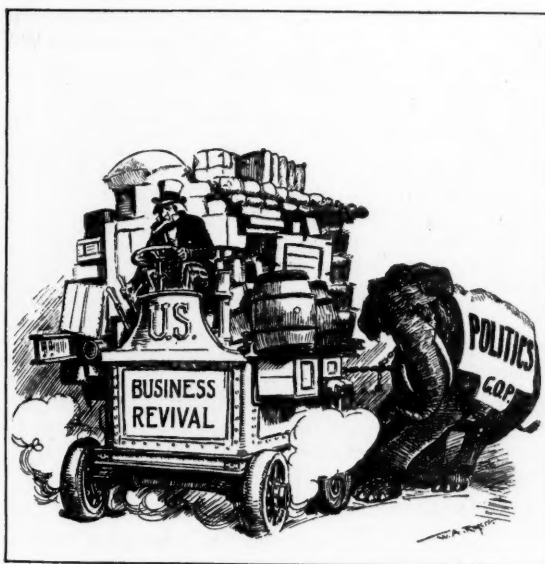
IN international relations, as one editor remarks, a loan is thicker than water—a fact which explains Uncle Sam's emulous generosity when he saw Great Britain, France, and Germany lending money to China to help her build her railroads. While our newspapers are wide awake to the diplomatic and commercial importance of the incident, many of them are also conscious of the comic side of the picture presented when our State Department intervenes to insist that the Chinese Government accept the millions held out to it by a syndicate of New York capitalists. "The rush of the nations up to bewildered China with the announcement that she really must borrow some money from each of them scarcely appears like a scene from real life," exclaims the *New York Evening Post*, which finds the sense of unreality increased by the vision of "thrifty and close-fisted Uncle Sam" suddenly awakening to the fact that he, too, "had a right to force some of his hard-earned dollars upon the Chinese." China's trade, remarks the *Detroit Free Press*, is going to mean much to the world very soon, and meanwhile "we guess we can lend her money if we want to." The same paper adds the reminder that if we are somewhat insistent with our proffered millions in this in-

stance, we nevertheless refused to join in the opium traffic when Europe forced that upon China.

The Government's interest in a loan by private capitalists is explained in blunt undiplomatic language by the *Salt Lake Herald*: "The whole question of commerce is involved, and unless this country possesses sufficient leverage in the way of financial obligations the trade of the Celestial Empire will be controlled by the three European Powers putting up the money for Chinese bonds and thereby acquiring a sort of proprietary interest in China." China, says the *Brooklyn Standard Union*, is "the great uncut commercial melon of the world," and the *Philadelphia Press* asserts that "more railroad mileage will be built there in the next twenty-five years than in all the rest of the world put together." Yet at the present moment our trade with China is in anything but a flourishing condition. Moreover, about \$135,000,000 of European capital, according to the *Baltimore American*, have already found their way into this field of investment in which the United States is

practically unrepresented. "The difficulty of this country in the past in seeking to make its position felt," adds the same paper, "has been due to the indebtedness of the Chinese to the Powers of Europe." Another point emphasized by the *Savannah News* and other papers is that the countries lending the money to finance China's railroads will have a voice in providing engineers to build them, and in the placing of orders for material.

The immediate cause of all this newspaper discussion was the successful intervention of Secretary Knox to obtain for a New York syndicate—consisting of the National City Bank, the First National Bank, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and J. P. Morgan & Co.—the privilege of participating in a loan of \$27,500,000 for the con-



"THAT CRITTER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE BOOSTING MUCH."
—Rogers in the *New York Herald*.



DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.
—Darling in the *Des Moines Register and Leader*.



THE WRONG SPOUT.
—From the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

TAME ANIMALS WE HAVE KNOWN.

struction of the Hankow-Szechuen Railroad. The purpose of the syndicate does not stop at this, however, but contemplates, according to *Bradstreet's*, a general entry into the field of Chinese investment. In addition to its communications to the Chinese Government in behalf of this syndicate, the State Department has issued a public statement indorsing the plan. To quote in part:

"The Government of the United States is much gratified at the formation of a powerful and responsible American financial group to enter the important field of investment in China, and is giving to their enterprise that cordial support which the Department of State stands ready to give all legitimate and beneficial American commercial and financial undertakings in foreign countries. Such undertakings are to be encouraged because of their direct benefit to American commerce and to international relations."

This course on the part of Secretary Knox, based on the theory that where American capital is employed in banking and investments American trade will naturally follow, is hailed by some of the Washington correspondents as "marking a new epoch in our diplomacy." Hitherto, says *The Wall Street Journal*, our policy of the "open door" in China has meant that we held it open for others to enter. The Boston *Herald*, emphasizing the same point, remarks that our Government's fear of entangling foreign alliances accounts for its previous slowness to cooperate with private enterprise in advancing commercial dominion. It goes on to say:

"It is essential, if the open door in the Orient is to be maintained for the unprejudiced entrance of American goods into the Chinese market, that some substantial block be set against the door to prevent its chance closing. And nothing would be more effective for that purpose than this establishment of an American financial interest."

The Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which belongs to a brother of the President and should therefore be in touch with the Administration's point of view, regards this loan incident as "the opening wedge of a much more general American participation in the affairs of the Far East." Already, it states, an American engineer has been appointed to a position under the Hei-Ho Conservancy Board at Tien-Tsin, which is engaged in the herculean task of improving the Pei-Ho. Of the significance of this fact it says:

"Here evidently is a new field and a great opportunity for the

young men who have graduated from our technical schools and colleges, for China, besides planning great railways is about to undertake vast waterway projects, too.

"As these young men gain the confidence of the Chinese authorities their employers will more and more rely on their advice. Their recommendations of American material to be used in the building of these enterprises probably will receive the first consideration. 'Made in America' may soon be seen frequently on Chinese locomotives, stationary engines, and steel bridges.

"If the State Department at Washington has succeeded in removing the ill-will toward America and Americans in China which resulted in a boycott on American goods in the great Eastern Empire, it will deserve all the credit that will come to it."

THE PURE-FOOD LAW IN DANGER

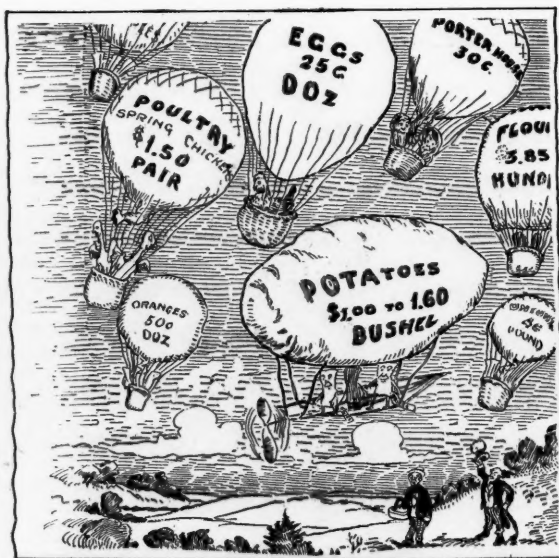
THE watch-dogs of the press have discovered "the long-expected final effort to set aside the Pure-Food Law" beneath the guise of a lawsuit between the Hipolite Egg Company of St. Louis and James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. The success of the plaintiff company (and the unnamed interests behind it) in this suit, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, would drop us back into "the old slough of adulteration and rotteness," since the States have proved their inability, without Federal assistance, to protect the people from being cheated and poisoned in their food.

The case of the Hipolite Egg Company against Secretary Wilson, which was begun last week in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, results from a seizure of canned eggs that had been preserved by the use of boric acid. The complaint asks for an injunction against the Secretary of Agriculture and his Department preventing them from further interference with the plaintiff's business. What lends a formidable aspect to this suit is the report that it is backed by the beef-packers and other powerful interests. In his bill the leading counsel for the plaintiff states that the suit is filed in behalf of his client and of "all other persons and parties in interest who may care to join in this proceeding, and who, plaintiff states, are too numerous to be specifically mentioned herein." According to a Washington dispatch "this assault upon the Pure-Food Law has been elaborately planned, and is framed



THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

—Davenport in the New York Mail.



THE REAL AMERICAN BALLOON RACE.

—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.

ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH.

along lines different and more daring than any hitherto made." To quote further:

"In the first place, the Pure-Food Law is declared to be unconstitutional because it gives to the Federal Government the police-regulating power delegated under the Constitution to the several States. In addition, it is set forth that under the Constitution Congress can only grant regulating powers and can not delegate a prohibitory power to any department of the general Government. It is also asserted that Congress can not delegate to heads of executive departments the right to make rules and regulations under a general law. This, it is contended, vests legislative power in officials outside of Congress."

The New York *World* thinks that this attempt upon the part of certain food concerns to break down the Pure-Food Law is a shortsighted proceeding even from a business point of view. It remarks editorially:

"No doubt the Pure-Food Law has interfered with the freedom of concerns that formerly found it profitable to sell adulterated and fraudulent food products. It has raised a bar to various mild forms of poisoning. It has made it expedient for manufacturers to practise honesty and straight dealing, and to that extent has served as a safeguard to the consumer's pocket and his health.

"Moral considerations ought to be sufficient to persuade any legitimate manufacturer of food articles that the old free-and-easy system was bad. It put a premium on crookedness, of which honest dealers and especially the public were bound to be the sufferers. But if only for business reasons, the leading food concerns should desire to see the Pure-Food Law upheld in all its vigor. It has taught people to have confidence in the purity of what they offer for sale, and its nullification would be at their expense.

"The announcement by the courts that the Beef Trust was permitted to use boric acid and other chemical preservatives in its meats and food preparations would immediately mean an immense loss of trade. The public has had its eyes opened to abuses of which it was ignorant a few years ago. It would resent a return to legalized fraud and deception in the shop and on the table and would demand forms of restriction more severe than any now in force. The public may be careless of its health, but it is not easily reconciled to being cheated."

WORTH OF STEEL SHARES—In our issue of June 19 we reprinted from *The Iron Age*, the leading organ of the iron trade, a word of caution to the effect that the recent spectacular rise in steel stocks was a speculative superstructure not entirely justified by its foundation, which is the present condition of the iron and steel industry. *The Iron Age* at the time acknowledged a marked expansion in this basic industry, denying merely that it was such as to justify a "huge speculation" in steel stocks. Now *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, an authority no less eminent in the financial world than is *The Iron Age* in the industrial, assures us that the phenomenal rise in the stock of the United States Steel Corporation "has been due to the demonstrated earning capacity of the property at a time of adverse conditions in the industry (hence assuring very large profits when business again becomes active), and to the excellence of its management, which has always stood out as a distinctive feature of the property." These circumstances and conditions, it says, "have raised the steel shares in the estimation of the whole world, and will continue to command

steadily growing and steadily widening confidence in them." In the face of such controlling considerations, it adds, the question of finding a quotation for Steel stock (or certificates representing the same) on the Paris market "is a matter of very trivial moment."

THE LESSON OF THE "SOO" ACCIDENT

THREE years ago President Roosevelt pointed triumphantly to the Canadian lock canal at Sault Sainte Marie as the crowning practical argument in favor of a similar type of waterway at Panama. Those who fear accidents at Panama, he said, have forgotten the Soo. On June 9, however, the complete breakdown



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THE WRECKED LOCK OF THE SOO CANAL.

As the result of the collision of a freight steamer with the lower gates this great canal is out of commission possibly for the whole season.

of the Canadian canal by a broken lock seems not only to have robbed Mr. Roosevelt and the other high-level advocates of this argument, but to have turned the famous "Soo" into a "horrible example" for the use of his opponents. This, at least, is the way the persistent champions of a sea-level canal at Panama interpret the event.

The Canadian Sault Sainte Marie Canal, commonly called the Soo, is a one-lock canal between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, with a lift of 20 feet. At the time of the recent accident the lower gates were closed, the upper gates open, and several ships were in or near the lock. One of these, the freight steamer *Perry G. Walker*, was below the lock maneuvering for position while awaiting her turn to go through. By some mistake or misinterpretation of orders the engineer put on full steam ahead and drove the *Walker* against the lower lock gates, which were then holding back the 20-foot head of water in the lock. The impact forced the gates, which instantly swung down-stream before the enormous pressure of water. What followed is told by *The Engineering News* (New York):

"There was thus left a free channel through the lock for the 20-foot head of water, and it poured down like a tidal wave, carrying the *Walker* before it into the wider channel below. The *Assiniboia* and the *Crescent City* were also carried down on the crest of the wave and finally passed the *Walker*, ripping holes in her as they went by. The *Assiniboia* was controlled before sustaining any great damage, but the heavier ore-laden *Crescent City* stove a hole in her hull in passing the hanging gates and was finally beached near the docks down-stream. The *Walker* only needed some slight repairs to enable her to get to her port. When the rush

of water started through the canal the main upper gates were open, against the up-stream wall of the lock, but not fastened thereto. The rushing water swung them into the stream and tore them entirely from their hinges."

This accident, writes Gustav H. Schwab in a letter to the New York *Sun*, "is child's play compared with the terrible disaster that would result from the carrying away of one of the summit lock gates on the Panama Canal with a total lift of 85 feet and with the dimensions of the lock chambers, 1,000 feet in length by 110 feet in width."

Such a disaster—which was declared by the international board of consulting engineers to be "highly probable"—might block canal navigation for an indefinite number of years. It is therefore advisable, remarks Mr. Schwab, "in the light of the accident in the Soo Canal lock," that "the people of the United States should pay proper heed to the lessons taught by the construction and operation of the Soo Canal," and while there is still time should demand a reconsideration of the present lock type for the Panama Canal." Of the precautions against accidents to the locks as contemplated in the present scheme he says:

"The proposed system of controlling vessels approaching the locks and while locking through by means of approach piers and new electric devices—whatever they may be—heretofore untried and not proved, would in the opinion of men familiar with the handling of vessels be a very uncertain and unreliable protection, for the element of human error and of accidents to machinery and materials is unfortunately always present in navigation, under whatever form it may be conducted. The possibility of the occurrence of some serious accident of a similar nature to that which has just been recorded can in no way be avoided on the Panama Canal with its six locks. The safety device represented by duplicate gates would not prevent the crashing through both gates of a powerful steamer of many thousand tons weight, as the momentum of so heavy a body moving through the water could under certain conditions of speed and tonnage not be resisted by anything in its path."

The New York *Press* takes a similar view. Unless the promised precautions, it says, can be made, "as sure as the flow of the tides and the swing of the earth in its orbit," the lock scheme at Panama "ought not to be tolerated." It draws the following impressive picture of what an accident to the summit lock would mean:

"Such an accident at the top of the ladder of locks at Gatun could have no ending short of the obliteration of the Panama Canal and the transformation of the isthmus. The thunderbolts of shipping, water, steel, masonry, and other wreckage launched from the first lock down upon the next would sweep it away like paper. Here the awful power would be multiplied infinitely by the new forces released and hurled along with the first great battering ram. There would be no earthly power to stop the gigantic instrument of destruction. . . .

"In the Soo Canal there are all the natural deterrents of such a race of havoc. At the Gatun flight of locks, where massive reservoir is piled upon massive reservoir, one after the other, rising into the air to an indescribable potency of destruction, once the thing started only the disappearance of the canal itself, with all in and around it, could stay the ruin and slaughter."

The Chicago *Tribune*, on the other hand, refuses to be alarmed by the accident at the Soo, and assures the public that "when the Panama Canal is thrown open to the marine of the world, precautions will be adopted which will make a similar accident there impossible." It goes on to say:

"For instance, vessels will not be allowed to pass in or out of the locks under their own steam, but will be controlled by the lockmasters. There will be so much at stake that no opportunity will be given a blundering captain or engineer to destroy in a few minutes the work of years. Therefore, when the objectors to the high-level Panama Canal begin talking about the disaster to the Canadian Soo Canal and drawing gloomy conclusions therefrom, no notice should be taken of them."

WHAT MONROE NEVER INTENDED

THE Monroe Doctrine, intended to help the little Latin republics of Central and South America, seems to have saddled them, instead, with the vicious despots who have been their bane. In the region around the Caribbean, says Mr. Edwin Emerson, the Doctrine is regarded as being not so much "the shining shield of a mighty Republic held over her younger sisters," as "a cloak under whose hiding folds petty despots feel encouraged to do their worst without fear of correction or punishment." "It may be unreasonable, yet it is true," says Mr. Emerson, lately returned from the country under discussion, "that most thinking men in Central America consider such creatures as Castro, Cabrera, and Zelaya all direct products of our Monroe Doctrine." But for the Doctrine, men argue, "petty tyrants of the Castro and Cabrera type would not dare to defy the commonest dictates of international law and humanity, nor could the financial sharks who fatten under their rule venture to enrich themselves and their silent governmental partners quite so shamelessly at the expense of the countries exploited by them." The representatives of European nations, in tacit recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, are instructed by their home Governments to let United States diplomacy take the lead in all Central-American matters, says Mr. Emerson, who continues (in *Uncle Sam's Magazine* for July):

"But the trouble is that American diplomacy seldom bothers to take the lead; or, if it does, often does it so poorly that American interests, as well as those of others, only suffer in consequence."

"Venezuela under Castro was a case in point, with such successive diplomatic fiascos as the Orinoco boundary dispute, the Bermudez-Asphalt controversy, the abortive European blockade, the scandalous Bowen-Loomis squabble, the French cable confiscations, the Curaçao trade embargo with its resultant Dutch naval demonstrations, and the final bloodless *coup d'état* by Castro's creature, Vincente Gomez, which has been so joyfully taken advantage of by our long-baffled State Department."

"But the most striking case in point is Guatemala under Estrada Cabrera. It was Cipriano Castro himself who once told me in Venezuela that he considered Guatemala, as ruled by Estrada Cabrera, the worst misgoverned country on earth. I took this on trust, as the opinion of an expert on misgovernment. Only after residing and traveling in Guatemala myself did I realize the truth of Castro's jealous criticism. Never before, not even in Haiti, in Santo Domingo, in Cuba under Weyler, in Manchuria during the anarchy of the late war, or in Korea before the Japanese took hold, had I witnessed such monstrous misgovernment as in Guatemala under its present ruler."

Thus when Giovanni Vinelli, an Italian merchant, was poisoned in a Guatemalan jail, the Italian Minister to Guatemala laid the case before his home government without result. At last he cabled for a war-ship, but it was not accorded him. Says Mr. Emerson:

"To an American friend in Guatemala he explained that his request had been denied for fear of coming into conflict with the Monroe Doctrine. 'Italian trade interests with the United States are so important,' he said, 'that Italy can not afford to stir up public feeling in the United States over such a miserable country as Guatemala.'"

"This particular diplomat's failure to obtain redress for his murdered and persecuted countryman resulted in such popular feeling against him at home that he had to be recalled."

"Later the Italian press tried to make amends by publishing a statement that investigation of all the facts showed that the Italian Minister in Guatemala and the Foreign Office at Rome had done their utmost at every step, but that 'their hands were tied by fear of international complications outside of Guatemala.'"

After citing in detail many similar instances the writer urges this country to face the responsibilities which go with the Monroe Doctrine, and to guard that Doctrine from abuse. We read:

"The United States with their Monroe Doctrine," say the foreigners in Central America, "won't let our governments adequately protect us, and how can we expect them to represent us, when they

don't even exert themselves for their own outraged citizens? If such are the experiences and sentiments of foreigners in Central America, it can be imagined how the helpless natives fare. The most eloquent commentary on this is the fact that the jails of Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua are all filled with political prisoners, and that more than 50,000 citizens of these countries have fled to Mexico, Panama, Europe, and our own United States.

"The Monroe Doctrine, as President Roosevelt pointed out in his first Presidential message seven years ago, in order to remain respected in the world must entail international responsibilities as well as international privileges. Without such recognition of responsibility it becomes nothing but a cloak for international misconduct and domestic oppression. In other words, Uncle Sam lets himself be placed in the unenviable position of a big bully shielding nasty little boys from the just consequences of their own misdeeds."

The editor of *Uncle Sam's Magazine*, commenting upon Mr. Emerson's article, is not so sure that these outrages against foreigners would not be committed but for the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. Nevertheless, he thinks that we should take the same stand in Central America that we have taken in Cuba and at Panama. He goes on to say:

"We have taken it upon ourselves as a nation to stand responsible before the world for the maintenance of these 'republican' governments against monarchical aggression. We even protect them against enforced payment of their international debts. We encourage them to act the part of defaulters and swindlers. . . .

"In Central America our dog-in-the-manger policy has ever been one calculated to annoy and exasperate other foreign powers which have interests at stake there. Thanks to the international misconduct of the Central Americans themselves this exasperation, at any moment, may be brought to the boiling-point. When it does, and the lid flies off, Uncle Sam will need all of that big navy and increased army of which our peace advocates appear to stand in such dread."

GRANT AND THE CONFEDERATES CAPTURE EACH OTHER

NEVER before in their entire history, says one Southern editor, were the Confederate soldiers so utterly stampeded as they were at the recent Memphis reunion parade by the sight of an unattended Yankee general. This "unattended Yankee" was General Fred Grant, and the dramatic incident referred to happened while he was on the reviewing-stand watching the veterans parade at their annual reunion. The New Orleans *Picayune* thus briefly describes the occurrence:

"The old Confederates' tumultuous and overwhelming ovation given to Gen. Fred Grant far surpassed any greeting ever given by them to one of their own general officers either during or since the Civil War, when in column passing their own chief commander in review, catching sight of the junior General Grant in the reviewing stand, they broke into wild disorder, and, crowding around the Federal officer, offered their greetings, and some of the most emotional actually smothered him with embraces, and even kisses."

Commenting further on the significance of this picture, *The Picayune* says:

"What the famous Ulysses Grant, with the whole of his vast army could not do, was accomplished by the great General's son, in the uniform of a major-general. Truly, we old soldiers of the South are coming to be the most emotional and sentimental people in the world, and the Memphis incident will doubtless warn the good people of Mobile in making preparations for the Confederate Reunion next year to be certain to have General Grant or some other Union officer on hand to arouse Confederate enthusiasm to the highest pitch."

In a second editorial from this same paper we read more at length of the make-up of these "weather-beaten old men"; and learn just how a Southern editor interprets this emotionalism. He says:

"The Confederate soldier belongs to a class peculiar, unique, and apart from all others. There never can be any more like them, for the mold in which they were cast is broken and can never be replaced, while the cause for which they fought, a united and independent South, is gone forever.

"This does not mean that the principles for which they stood



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"LET US HAVE PEACE."

During a parade of the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, Tennessee, General Clement A. Evans, their commander-in-chief, rode out of the line to shake hands with General Frederick Dent Grant, U. S. A., who was reviewing the procession from the grand stand.

are lost, for principles are immortal, they never die, but the allegiance of these men is transferred to a united Republic or Empire, whichever it is to be."

The Springfield (Mass.) *Union* is inspired by this event to propose a joint encampment of Union and Confederate veterans at Washington.

In marked contrast to the harmonic emphasis of the above, is the tone of a leaflet which reaches this office from Memphis, Tenn. This paper, which is heralded as the National Confederate Bulletin No. 4, under the caption "Wake Up, Southern People, Wake Up," argues in part as follows:

"Forty-four long years have passed since the American liberties were overthrown by Abe Lincoln and his imperial army of 3,300,000 in whose veins run the blood of more than 50 nationalities, 2,041,000 Yankees, 500,000 foreigners, 200,000 negroes, 559,000 of our own Southern men, who cast their lot and joined the imperial army of Abe Lincoln to help invade and overthrow the liberties of the Revolutionary fathers who had sacrificed their all for us. It was the King against the President, and Imperialism against the Republic. The King prevailed and the President went down. Imperialism was set up and the sovereignty of the people went down. Before all this 600,000 of the most patriotic men that perhaps will ever live met this motley and mingled host of the world in 2,263 battles all told 1,481 days; 750,000 of that imperial host of the world as it were bit the dust for the crime of invasion and putting under bondage the freest, most humane, learned, and most generous, the most high-minded, honest, and honorable, and lastly but not least, the bravest people that the world will ever know.

"Analyze this history, you Southern people, and learn of us that it is useless for you to live in bondage of the Yankee any longer unless you have learned to love it. God Almighty has raised up sons of the old Confederate veterans to the number of 5,000,000. What if you were united like your fathers were in '61-'65? The very latest mode of warfare is now understood throughout the South. The combined world could not down you. What say you? You must stand ready to offer your lives in battle either for liberty or bondage. If you were to speak as one man to the Imperial Government at Washington to take off the yoke of bondage and place themselves subservient to the will of the people like that great democracy of fifty years ago, why, it would be done and done at once, otherwise you must still give all the profits of your labor

to the Yankee, more than a billion of dollars every year. If you should be prest to act of course you must enter, or would have to meet only as a guerrilla power; no mercy or prisoners would be taken, this mode would be a war of extermination."

SAN FRANCISCO'S FAILURE TO FIND "THE MAN HIGHER UP"

WATCHED with interest by the whole country as the climax of the San Francisco graft prosecutions, the indecisive outcome of the four months' trial of Patrick Calhoun is regarded by the press at large as something of a national disappointment. A verdict either way would have left public opinion less bewildered. Mr. Calhoun, head of the United Railroads, was alleged by the prosecution to be "the man higher up" in the bribing of San Francisco's supervisors. The jury failed to agree on a verdict, standing, when dismissed, ten for acquittal and two for conviction.

According to Judge Lawlor, the trial judge, the case stands "as if it had never been tried." Mr. Calhoun, on the other hand, claims the result as "a substantial victory," and promises to bring a counter-suit against his prosecutors, charging Messrs. Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan with giving bribes, and Francis J. Heney with accepting them. Mr. Spreckels is the millionaire backer of the prosecution, Mr. Phelan is an ex-mayor of San Fran-

cisco, and Mr. Heney is the assistant district attorney who has led the battle against graft in that city.

The trial, which divided San Francisco into hostile camps, has been marked throughout by sensational recriminations, violence, and perjury, until at the last the community seems to have grown weary of the whole business. The *Denver Republican* thinks it unlikely that another trial will be undertaken, "even as a partizan expedient preceding a political campaign," and the *Buffalo News* regards the result as "not only a practical acquittal of Patrick Calhoun," but also "a rebuke to Heney's bulldozing methods." The *Chicago Post* hopes that no popular reaction will interfere with the "cleaning up" of San Francisco, and that the issue will be fought out to a finish. Even if the struggle be now abandoned, says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, its effects must prove salutary, since "San Francisco's grafters have been given a very stern lesson and grafters-at-large a very wholesome scare." The *San Francisco Call*, a Spreckels paper which led the press championship of the prosecution, reminds its readers that the defense put in no testimony, "relying wholly upon technical flaws in the case of the people." "The simple moral of the Calhoun trial and its outcome," says *The Call*, "is that the wicked rich man has a better chance of getting into the kingdom of heaven than an outraged public has of getting him into jail." "The penal code," it adds, "was not built to hold against the pressure of the plutocrat, especially when his crime is committed upon the public."

TOPICS IN BRIEF.

SOMEBODY should offer Kermit at least 10 cents a word.—*New York Mail*.

DUTIES on yarns have been increased. And no reciprocity-with-Africa clause.—*Cleveland Leader*.

STRANGE that Wilbur Wright never invited President Taft to take a flight in his air-ship.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WE take it that there are also a few June bridegrooms, but we have no direct information.—*Richmond Times Dispatch*.

FIVE army engineers have decided that forty-five million people don't know what is good for them.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

JOAQUIN MILLER will establish a home for poets in California. The plan looks practicable. Poets can live on climate if any one can.—*Chicago News*.

RIGHT in the face of a tremendous demand for farm laborers out West, that Washington nine keeps on trying to play baseball.—*Newark News*.

A WESTERN clergyman announces that the God of the Bible is not the God of Chicago. We had suspected as much for a long time.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THE cheerful view Mr. Archbold takes of the future suggests that he must have adopted a new and more satisfactory system of letter-filing.—*Indianapolis News*.

AT first sight, Shakespeare would seem to have been omitted from Dr. Eliot's list, but all that is best of him is there, of course, under Bacon's Essays and New Atlantis.—*New York Evening Post*.

THESE Chinese may be a trifle old-fashioned in some regards, but it isn't every enlightened nation that can get the whole world quarreling about the privilege of loaning it money.—*Washington Times*.

PERHAPS if the advocates of an income tax would specify that it should be laid only upon people whose incomes are less than \$5,000 a year there would be some enthusiasm for it in the Senate.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

THE consumer is now traveling under the alias of the summer boarder.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

RAILWAYS are getting out their pretty vacation booklets. Not a mosquito advertised.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

AT least, the United States Senate can claim proudly that it is the slave of no party platform.—*New York World*.

"AIM high" is a good motto, all right, but it doesn't justify a man in shooting at a balloon.—*Detroit Free Press*.

WE trust the Chicago man who has just had a lamb's bone grafted into his leg will keep away from the wheat-pit.—*Ohio State Journal*.

WE look in vain for "Squint-Eyed Bob, the Bully of the Woods," in Dr. Eliot's list of books for a five-foot library.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram*.

FOR stealing sixty-five cents a New York thief was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. How New York does hate a piker!—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE Oklahoma judge who said a rich man just acquitted of murder was guilty inspires a vision of blindfolded justice taking a peek.—*Washington Post*.

THE day of the woman suffragists, so long foretold, is coming at last. One has been set apart for them at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THIS ominous silence leads us to fear that some unforeseen disaster has overtaken that hunting expedition in Africa. The supply of wild animals may have given out.—*Chicago Tribune*.

IF Mr. Taft expects to save the life of his income-tax constitutional amendment it might be well for him to relieve Mr. Aldrich as night nurse and watch by its bedside himself after dark.—*New York World*.

EX-SENATOR PLATT has made a formal affidavit to the effect that his membership of the United States Senate was in no way detrimental to the express company of which he was president. Speaking for ourselves we are prepared to believe this statement.—*Augusta Chronicle*.



TWO THAT ESCAPED.

These two young African antelopes are the first living trophies of the Roosevelt hunt to reach the United States. They were consigned to the New York Zoological Gardens, in care of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.

JAPANESE PRESS ON MR. ROOSEVELT

MR. ROOSEVELT'S name appears in the Japanese press more often, probably, than the name of any other American. Washington and Lincoln are, of course, most popular among the Mikado's subjects. But of contemporary Americans, Roosevelt, Carnegie, and Rockefeller appeal to the Japanese mind as a trio of extraordinary men. Mr. Roosevelt, in particular, has been admired by students and young men in Japan, to whom his doctrine and practise of a "strenuous life" have been a source of inspiration. And besides, the Japanese public has long regarded him as a warm friend of Japan. Naturally his article on the Japanese question recently appearing in *The Outlook* has aroused much comment in the island empire.

The article was received in Japan with something of a surprise. The *Yorodzu*, which claims to enjoy the largest circulation among the Tokyo dailies, publishes a lengthy article on the matter from the pen of its American correspondent. "There can be no doubt," says the writer, "that during the past two or three years Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward Japan has undergone a signal change." To him the Roosevelt who penned in the winter of 1906 that remarkable message to Congress contending that the right of naturalization be extended to the Japanese in America, is as much different from the Roosevelt who writes in *The Outlook* as the sun is from the moon.

In *The Outlook* Mr. Roosevelt says of Japanese immigration: "It is against the interests of both nations that such unrestricted immigration or settlement in mass should be allowed." On this point the *Yorodzu* continues:

"After Mr. Roosevelt had sent to the Congress that message, extolling Japan and the Japanese in the most glowing terms, he received many delegates from California, including that infamous Mayor of San Francisco, Schmitz, and his following. He also saw labor delegates and the representatives of the unscrupulous Japanese-Korean Exclusion League. Representations, or perhaps misrepresentations, of these politicians and labor-leaders so influenced Mr. Roosevelt that he ceased to be the enthusiastic friend of the Japanese he had been shortly before. Meanwhile, the American public opinion had been gradually turning against Japan, and especially the Japanese immigrants. Until three years ago I still had good reason to believe that in spite of much ado started on the Pacific coast against Japanese, the majority of the American people were not the opponents of Japanese immigration. Today this has all changed, and the voice of the nation seems almost unanimous in advocating the exclusion of the Japanese. The failure of the anti-Japanese bills last winter in the legislatures of various Western States, notably California, is no indication that the majority of Western people entertain sympathy for Japanese immigration—quite the contrary. Those bills failed simply because the Western legislators were given to understand by Mr. Roosevelt that any anti-Japanese bill, if enacted at this moment, would prove an obstacle to the attainment of their ultimate end, the total exclusion of Japanese immigrants."

The *Yorodzu* correspondent makes an interesting remark upon

Mr. Roosevelt's statement that "we have the right to say what immigrants shall come to our own shores; but we are powerless to enforce this right against any nation that chooses to disregard our wishes, unless we continue to build up and maintain a first-class fighting navy." In the words of this Tokyo organ:

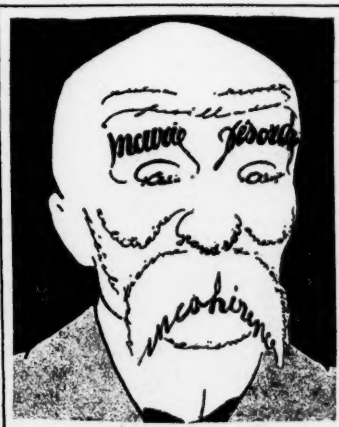
"This hint of Mr. Roosevelt's is rather unfortunate, because it must necessarily create with the Japanese an impression that the recent cruise of the Atlantic fleet to Japanese waters was intended to overawe the Island Empire on the immigration question. It is extremely impolitic to create such an impression after the Japanese were persuaded to believe that the movement of the American fleet had nothing to do with either the immigration or the Manchurian question. When the American squadron was about to leave Hampton Roads for the Orient, I, in my letters to the *Yorodzu*, took great pains to bring it home to my readers that the cruise had been planned simply to give the American naval officers and men an opportunity to practise the art of handling war-vessels, which had been Mr. Roosevelt's desire long before the immigration or the Manchurian question began to assume any serious phase. Not only did I believe this to be the true interpretation of the matter, but I also considered it wise to make the fact clear to the Japanese. The Japanese are a proud and sensitive nation, and any allusion to that naval cruise as a demonstration against them in order to settle any pending question may rasp their tenderest nerves."

This Asiatic writer disputes Mr. Roosevelt's asseveration that "Japan would certainly object to the incoming of masses of American farmers, laborers, and small traders; indeed, the Japanese would object to this at least as strongly as the men of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States object to the incoming in mass of Japanese workmen, agricultural laborers, and men engaged in small trades." "The Americans who go to Japan and the Japanese who come to America," he added, "should be of the same general class—that is, they should be travelers, students, teachers, scientific investigators, men engaged in international business, men sojourning in the land for pleasure or study. As long as the emigration from each side is limited to classes such as these, there will be no settlement in mass, and therefore no difficulty. Wherever there is settlement in mass . . . there is sure to be friction." The Japanese organ, on the contrary, observes that far from American

farmers, merchants, or laborers of the lower class being unwelcome in Japan, the Japanese, under the existing treaty stipulations, invite all Americans to come and carry on business there irrespective of class. This paper, however, favors Mr. Roosevelt's view that matters relating to immigration should be transferred from the individual States to the Federal Government, because, in its opinion, this arrangement would greatly simplify negotiations which may occur in the future between Japan and this country.

The *Kokumin*, another

influential Tokyo daily, sees nothing disagreeable in Mr. Roosevelt's statements, for, it thinks, the ex-President reposes confidence in the Japanese Government's intention to prohibit emigration to America. "Even without his advice," it says, "Japan will not force America to admit uninvited guests. We have now to concentrate our surplus population in Korea and the neighborhood."



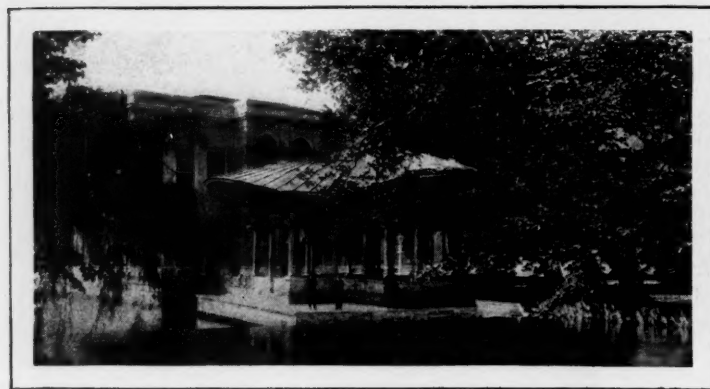
On Mr. Clemenceau's face are such words as "carelessness," "disorder," "incoherence," "egoism," "skepticism," and "sublime impertinence."



Some of the words on the Kaiser's face are "sword-sharpened," "powder-dry," "Lohengrin," "Zeppelin," "Deutschland über alles!" etc.

"SPEAKING LIKENESSES."

—Rire (Paris).



DISPERSION OF A HAREM

WHAT is to become of the Solomonian household of the deposed Sultan? There has been much curiosity expressed on this point. The German cartoonist represents Abdul Hamid at Salonica as wringing his hands and weeping because he feels he is a widower indeed—for his enemies have deprived him of all

these Circassian slave girls and an affecting account is given in the *Turquie*, a French daily published in Constantinople, of their restoration to their families and friends. The first step of the new government was to summon the relatives of these odalisks, and we read:

"The Government sent telegrams into all the regions of Anatolia in which were to be found Circassian refugees or colonists likely to have daughters, sisters, or relations in the harem of Abdul Hamid. They were summoned immediately to Constantinople in order to take back into their own country the ladies of the harem who belonged to them. For several days these Circassian villagers have been arriving in the city wearing their picturesque costume, with dagger in girdle."

The reunion of the long separated kinsfolk is thus described:

"The meeting was a touching scene. Tears, caresses, and cries of enthusiasm and excitement prevailed. The girls recognized fathers, brothers, uncles, or cousins; they kissed, they wept, they uttered exclamations of joy at the recovery of the dear relatives from whom they had been separated for so many years. They asked for news of their mothers, their sisters, their brothers,



but eight wives! It is a question whether those women who are denied the privilege of sharing his exile in Salonica feel particularly widowed. In spite of the gorgeous and sentimental pictures of such French artists as Gérôme, it seems that the harem has never been quite a garden of Eden. Prof. Arminius Vambery, the eminent Hungarian Orientalist and traveler, who for some time was on terms of intimacy with the deposed Sultan, has very decided views about the seraglio at Yildiz Kiosk, and thus writes of it in *The Nineteenth Century and After* (London):

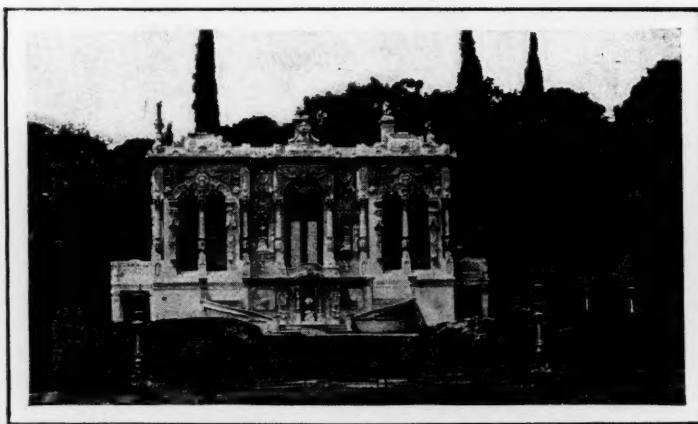
"Few Turks, and still less foreigners and Christians, can have an idea of the horrible life carried on by the inmates of the harem. Originally uneducated and barbarous Circassian girls, who were either bought indirectly from the slave-dealers at Tophane or from the ladies of the chief dignitaries, these members of the imperial household live in constant enmity and jealousy with each other; each of them is ready to calumniate the others, to diminish their beauty, and to lower their value in the eyes of the Sultan. Anybody who lends assistance as a sneak to these female rivals is most welcome, and young Hamid Efendi having been the foremost of these informers, his services were much appreciated, and it was in this way that he became the favorite of Pertevala Kadin, the Sultan-Valida of Abdul Aziz, an uneducated woman, well known for her fanaticism and belief in sorcery and magic power."

The deposition of Abdul meant emancipation to

and their friends. Some there were who did not know their relatives from whom they had been taken away in early childhood. The recognition was only made by a reference to family names, and names of the vilayets from which they had been exiled."

The young women are described as being heartily glad to leave the perpetual seclusion of the harem for the liberty of peasant life, and the *Turquie* continues:

"These ladies, who lived like princesses of fairyland in a sump-



SOME OF ABDUL'S EX-WIVES AND THEIR VILLAS.

Several of the royal "grass widows" are now living in the villa shown in the upper picture.



SCENE IN ABDUL HAMID'S SERAGLIO.

tuous palace, who wore bewitching dresses, and ate off plate, who floated in gilded shallops on enchanted lakes, and still were unhappy, are suddenly snatched by a social revolution from the paradisiacal shores of the Bosphorus and sent back to the isolated villages of Asia Minor. Here, their only dwelling will be a thatched cottage, their only pastimes the cultivation of the soil, the milking of cows, the herding of cattle. Their evening meal will be a piece of maize bread and a bowl of skim-milk. But they will have health; death by consumption or the tuberculous diseases of the harem will not be theirs. They will live happy lives, surrounded by love and affection."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

CAUSE OF GERMAN CHILD SUICIDE

IN an age when the children are given more care and consideration than ever before in the world's history, child suicide is on the increase. This fact is awakening deep concern in Germany, and the public prints are filled with discussions of the cause and cure of the evil. This is the children's era, we are constantly told. One would almost think the children are the chief element in the population. They have a special literature—fiction, poetry, and history—provided for them. They are dressed and shod delicately, and they very generally sit at table with their elders. The school is one of the most imposing buildings in the city or village, and the childish brain is catered to by finely graded, well-written, and attractively illustrated text-books. The old theory of subjection in childhood has been largely modified, the rod is spared, and the child is spoiled. The suicide of children has attracted attention in New York City; and in Germany, says the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, "the matter of child suicide for the past few years has become of vital importance."

A thorough study of the subject has been made by Prof. O. Gerhardt, of Berlin. In his brochure on "Suicide among School-children" he considers the statistics, the causes, and the cure of this increasing evil. From 1880 to the end of 1908 the annual average of suicides among children was 14.3. But there has been a marked increase. In 1904 there were 8 cases; in 1905 and 1906 severally the number rose to 16; in 1907 to 19, and a startling increase was recorded in 1908 when 28 school-children took their own lives. The professor asks why

this crime should be more common among school-children than among others of the same age, "young people in trade, in offices, apprentices, etc.," who are "not secluded under such protection, nor are the objects of such forethought and training as school-children." These latter have their "intellectual, esthetic, patriotic, moral, and religious education" most carefully provided for. If the school is to blame, the school must be improved so as to counteract the evil. He fails, however, to see that the German school system thus affects children, and remarks:

"We live in an era of reform, when schools and the whole system of education and training have reached during the last three decades a state of efficiency which has not been attained without much toil and many sacrifices. The main aim of our present methods is to lighten the work of the child in fulfilling his task. The active zeal of those who have studied scientific pedagogics has succeeded, we feel sure, in attaining this object. The result appears in more rational text-books and a more methodical grading. . . . Another object has been the education of children in the spirit of their nationality. By their studies in German language, literature, and history, children are being brought up with a clear idea of German sentiment and German ideals."

Added to intellectual studies are the various athletic exercises of the modern German school. Corporal punishment has been well-nigh abolished. To quote further:

"Goethe could find no better motto for his life memoirs than the axiom of Greek pedagogics, *ὅ μὴ δαρείς ἀνθρώπος οὐ παιδεύεται* (education without the rod is impossible). This was equally the conviction of whole generations of Germans. The age we live in has advanced far beyond this idea—violence, crossness, roughness, scolding, and blows are less and less prevalent in our schools, giving place to gentler methods of discipline and more refined forms of school management."

If the school is not accountable for the suicide of its scholars, where are we to look for the cause? asks Professor Gerhardt, and he replies that the *Zeitgeist* of Germany, against which the school works, but which is rampant in the home, fosters the spirit of rebellion and suicide in German children. He gives us some dismal pictures of the moral decadence of family life in Germany and concludes:

"There can be no doubt that the school is quite incapable of stemming the tide of this evil so long as the chief agent in forming the character of children and giving them a moral training is the home of their parents. At present the ordinary German home not



PALACE OF THE NEW SULTAN.

only completely fails in its duty to the children, but actually becomes the hotbed which fosters the evil of child suicide, and the school can not repair, or at least can repair only in part, the errors in child-training which prevail under the parental roof."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

ITALY TOO POOR TO DEFY AUSTRIA

THE German and Austrian editors are inclined to smile at the thought of Italy coming into the arena as a naval competitor with the *Dreadnought*-building Powers. The recent earthquakes, we are told, have exhausted her financially, and while she does not want Austria to command the Adriatic, she has no real port on that sea. All her ports and fortifications are on her west-



ADMIRAL MORIN.

Suspected of writing a sensational pamphlet predicting war between Italy and Austria in 1912.

ern coasts, declare the German papers. These statements are made apropos of the naval brochure, which we referred to last week, published in Rome and predicting war with Austria in 1912. The author declared the Italian treasury should be drained to the last penny, if need be, to build *Dreadnoughts* for this conflict. It has created some sensation both in Berlin and Vienna. The title-page shows the royal arms of Italy on a white, red, and green ground, and the double eagle of Austria, and between them the date 1912—"an ominous number," says the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna). The brochure is credited to Admiral Morin, former Minister of Marine, and the Vienna organ remarks of its prediction of the coming war—

"That the anonymous prophet of ill is no supporter of the Triple Alliance policy is apparent from the sentence in which he declares that in the Triple Alliance Italy has never cut any figure except to increase the power of Austria and Germany."

The *Neue Freie Presse* treats the scare as preposterous, altho it is seemingly not sufficiently preposterous to be ignored entirely. The charge that Austria is building a huge navy with intent to attack Italy in 1912 and destroy its naval force is declared absurd, and the advice to build an Italian navy twice the size of Austria's is therefore foolish. This Vienna paper laughs at the idea of a hostile breach between two such friendly Powers as Italy and Austria. Nor, we are told, is Admiral Morin counting the cost of land fortification and shipbuilding in his defiance of the Triple Alliance. What he advises could not be done by Italy without an expenditure of \$300,000,000. To quote further:

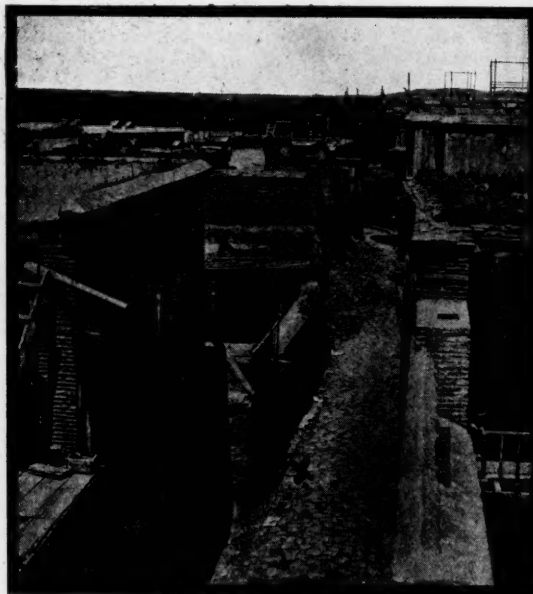
"This anonymous prophet must be joking when he says that altho this seems to be a good deal of money, it is not nearly so much as the war indemnification which Austria would claim in the hour of victory, and that therefore the Italian treasury should be drained to the last cent in order to meet the occasion."

The writer of "1912" is not taken in earnest by his own people, or at least by the sensible portion of them, we are told. In this Austrian editor's words:

"That the Italian people would not stand for this fantastic scheme the writer [Admiral Morin] may learn from the silence with which his lucubration is passed over by the press. No sensible

man can see any necessity or any object to be served by such a war as he predicts, a war which would cripple the commercial prosperity of a peace-loving people for years, if it did not destroy it entirely."

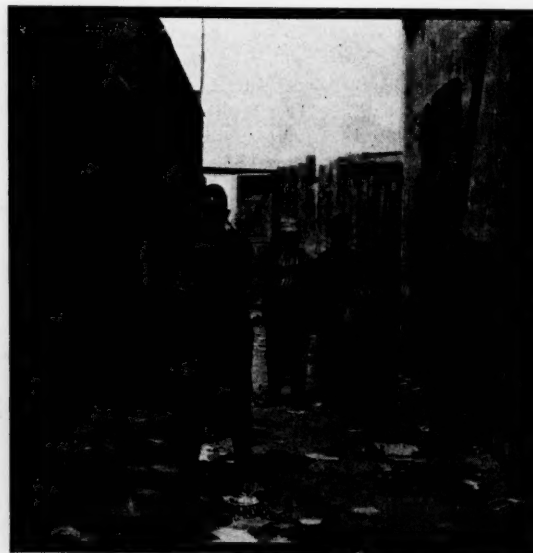
The wish of Italy to control the Adriatic is reasonable, thinks



WHERE THE TWO AMERICAN MISSIONARIES WERE SHOT IN ADANA. The cross in the street indicates the position of Mr. D. M. Rogers, and that on the roof the position of Mr. Maurer.

the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, but what of the cost? In the language of this important political journal:

"Italy's wish to establish a naval basis in the Adriatic is intelligible. The port of Venice is too shallow to be available. The question is, can the Italian treasury stand the cost of realizing the



ONLY EXIT FROM THE ABKARIAN SCHOOL IN ADANA.

In this fatal alley hundreds of Armenians were shot down in their effort to flee from the burning building.

Admiral's wish to put the navy and fortifications into a condition of efficiency which would make them fit for war, and formidable to a European adversary?"—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



RUINS OF THE ABKARIAN SCHOOL.
Where 2,000 perished.

MOTIVE OF THE ADANA MASSACRES

WHY a series of massacres should burst out in Armenia just at the moment the Turkish Empire had obtained its liberties, has been a question puzzling to many observers. It was in some quarters averred that Abdul Hamid instigated such outbreaks of fanaticism in order to discredit the reformers, the Young Turk party, and cause the interposition of the Powers, as they interposed to halt Russia in the Crimean War. Other writers thought that the bloody scenes at Adana were merely the outcome of Mohammedan fanaticism which periodically makes such frightful demonstrations. A writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* denies that either the intrigues of Abdul or a volcanic eruption of fanaticism led to the bloodshed. It was purely political. He tells us that Adana was as full of inflammable materials as a powder-magazine. The population numbers 45,000 souls, 27,000 of whom are Mohammedans and three-fourths of the balance are Christian Armenians, the rest Greeks. Now the Armenians are the great traders and rich men of the town, living in a separate quarter, where of course the massacres took place. Of the political causes that led to Mohammedan acts of violence this writer, Mr. Wendland, says:

"The Armenian agitators, who had made many pecuniary sacrifices to aid in the bringing in of the new Constitution, expected to exercise a vital political influence through its operation, and their elated bearing was such as to exasperate the Mohammedans. The leaders of this agitation were generally foreign members of the Armenian committee or certain stirrers up of race hatred in Adana. . . . While these leaders took care to secure safety for themselves they proved the ruin of their poorer fellow countrymen, who were sacrificed by thousands for no fault of their own."

The Armenians also incensed the Turks by reviving in pictures and plays the patriotic reverence of their fellow countrymen for the old heroes and his-

toric events of Christian Armenia. They actually contemplated the revival of Armenia as an independent state. To quote the words of this writer:

"It may easily be imagined that this new awakening of national Chauvinism was soon perceived by the Mohammedans and while the Armenians were giving too free a rein to their tongue and their enthusiasm, the Mohammedan authorities were kept fully informed by Turkish spies. . . . It is therefore a gross error to declare that religious fanaticism was responsible for the late massacres."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

CHARITY THWARTED AT MESSINA

THOSE who contributed to the fund for the Italian earthquake sufferers have reason to be indignant at the way their donations have been applied, misapplied, or not applied at all, declares the correspondent of the London *Standard*, a weighty Conservative organ. "There is almost as much distress in Messina at the present time," we read, "as when the catastrophe happened five months ago." To quote further:

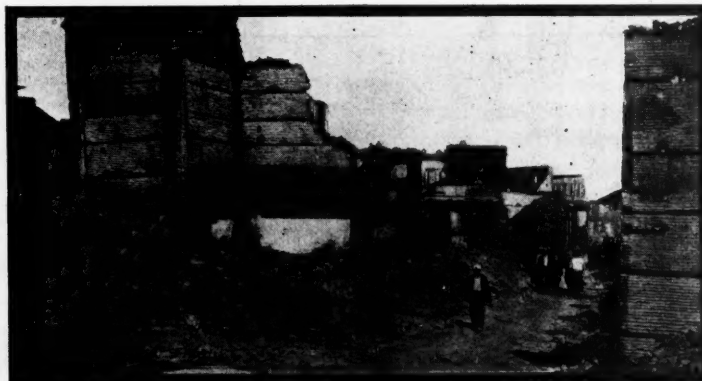
"Thousands of people are still huddled among the ruins, sleeping in the habitable basements among the debris or crowded together in the temporary hovels which were rapidly knocked together with wood taken from the ruins. Families are still living in the

railway wagons to which they rushed for shelter on that fatal December 28. There is not the slightest reason for the present squalor, misery, and overcrowding. With the funds subscribed in England and by other countries, thousands of huts have been sent out, and only await occupants."

The *Standard* declares that the reason why the huts are not occupied is to be found in the red tape, bungling, and exaction of the Italian Government, whose exasperating delay has

thwarted the work of charity. In the words of this paper:

"The reason is that the Government officials refuse to allot them unless £2 for ground-rent is paid down, and an agreement signed to pay the municipality 4s. a month. This is supposed to be for street-cleaning, tho but little scavenging is done, while the water-supply is totally inadequate."



IN THE PATH OF THE MASSACRE.
All that is left of a street in the Christian quarter.



TENTS FURNISHED BY THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

TRESPASS ON A LANDOWNER'S AIR

THIS question, which until recently has been purely academic, is now arising in connection with the probable increased use of appliances for aerial navigation. Does a balloon trespass on a man's property simply by passing over it? What is alleged to be the first case in which an aeronaut was held liable for tres-



OPENING THE WRIGHT CELEBRATION AT DAYTON.

Invocation by Bishop Wright, father of the Wright brothers. The brothers stand with bowed heads behind their father. They received medals from the Government, the State, and the city.

pass was decided in a London court on June 8. While the defendant was passing over Priory-lane, Roehampton, his balloon descended and the grappling-iron broke several telephone wires. The Postmaster-General, who sued for the cost of repairing the wires, was held entitled to judgment for 16s.—the amount of the damage. Commenting on this, a writer in *Engineering* (London, June 11) notes that the principle involved here is of great importance. He says:

"So long as the balloon or the aeroplane passes over land at a great height the rights of property-owners are not likely to be seriously considered. But the mere fact that rights have never been enforced does not prove that they do not exist.

"Is the passage of a balloon or an aeroplane over a piece of land a trespass in the eye of the law?

"According to Blackstone: 'Land hath also, in its legal signification, an indefinite extent, upward as well as downward.' . . . Applying this definition of land, it is easy to see that the balloon or aeroplane may pass through the property of many owners during a single flight. It may be that the flight does no actual damage; but that is immaterial. A man may walk across the property of another and do no damage, yet he is a trespasser, against whom a remedy may be pursued in the courts. Again, it is a trespass to suspend anything over a man's land, even if its presence does him an infinitesimal amount of harm. . . .

"There appears to be only one case on the books in which a trespass by balloon was considered at all; and . . . it is clear from this case that if the owner of property could show that the passage of an aeroplane across his land caused him damage, he could recover."

Numerous decisions in regard to shooting over a man's land, without touching any part of it, apply here. Injunctions have been granted to prevent such shooting. In one of these, the judge said, as quoted in the paper named above:

"It is said that no damage was proved to have arisen to the plaintiff. In one sense that is true. . . . Still, . . . the traversing of the land by the bullets in the use of the 1,000-yards range is not unattended with risk, and certainly it will cause a not unreasonable alarm, which renders the occupation of that part of the farm less enjoyable than the plaintiff is entitled to have it. I am satisfied, therefore, that the plaintiff had a legal grievance."

From the above cases the writer draws the inference that, whether he does damage or not, the aeroplane might be restrained by injunction from passing over private property. The law has been recently stated by Sir Frederick Pollock, whose words are thus quoted:

"It does not seem possible, on the principles of the common law, to assign any reason why any entry above the surface should not also be a trespass, unless indeed it can be said that the scope of possible trespass is limited by that of effective possession, which might be the most reasonable rule. Clearly it would be a trespass to sail over another man's land in a balloon (much more in a controllable air-ship) at a level within the height of ordinary buildings, and it might be a nuisance to keep a balloon hovering over the land at even a greater height. As regards shooting, it would be strange if we could object to shots being fired point-blank across our land only in the event of actual injury being caused, the passage of the foreign body in the air above our soil being thus a mere incident in a distinct trespass to person or property. But the projectiles of modern artillery, when fired for extreme range, have attained in the course of their trajectory, as is computed, an altitude exceeding that of Mont Blanc or even Elbruz. It may remain in doubt whether the passage of a projectile

at such a height could in itself be a trespass."

To this the writer adds that however carefully an aeroplane may be made or driven, there will always be a risk of its coming suddenly to earth. Must the landowner consent to go thus in constant peril? These, he says, are a few of the nice legal questions the



BEFORE THE DAY OF SKY-SAILING.

Floats represented the progress of transportation from the ox-cart to the aeroplane.

judges of the future may have to determine, and however carefully one searches the law reports, cases involving analogous points are impossible to find. He goes on:

"The law of railways is of no assistance. A railway pays for and owns the property on which its lines are laid. Any one who trespasses on the permanent way does so at his peril. But where is the permanent way of the aeroplane? Again, the well-known rules of law which are applied by our Court of Admiralty have no

application to aerial navigation. A ship upon the high seas invades no private or even national rights, whereas the sailor who navigates the atmospheric ocean is a trespasser against some one, according to the law of England, if he has British soil under his 'keel.' Consideration of the probable rights of a landowner against the aviator naturally directs attention to the rights of one aviator against another. Who shall define what is negligence in the management of an aeroplane? What is the rule of the road when there is no road? Must a machine going north pass over or under a machine going south? Must a horn be carried of sufficient power to fill the airy deep for miles around? All these questions occur to the mind: to none of them can any lawyer give a satisfactory reply."

WARNING TO WOULD-BE SKY-SAILORS

IT has often been lamented that invention involves so much wasteful experimentation, sometimes lasting for years. That part of it which bears directly on the successful outcome may perhaps be regarded as educational and necessary, but there is always much of it that appears to be the result of misinformation and unnecessary ignorance. Not only is work of this kind devoted to perpetual motion and similar problems, but much of it is going on all the time in connection with the development of our most useful mechanisms. In an editorial entitled "A Word to Aeroplane Builders," *The Scientific American* (New York, June 5) warns them especially against this kind of time-wasting labor. If it were possible, the writer says, to take count of the number of people in the United States who are engaged in building some form of heavier-than-air flying-machine, the total would probably be a surprise. He goes on:

"When an age-long problem of such difficulty as that of the human mastery of flight is solved in a sudden and sensational manner, as by the Wright brothers last year, a stimulus is given to the art, the effect of which is seen in the immediate effort of people of an inventive and more or less mechanical turn of mind, to emulate if not surpass the achievement. Much of this endeavor, probably most of it, is doomed to failure; chiefly because the experimentalist does not realize the extreme difficulty of the problem, both from the theoretical and mechanical standpoint, and labors under the mistaken impression that a machine which is a broad imitation of the original must of itself necessarily fly.

"Light-weight motors may be bought in the open market; but for the construction of an aeroplane itself two things are absolutely necessary: first, a thorough knowledge of the unchangeable principles upon which the aeroplane is based, and second, an intimate knowledge of the strength of materials, of the stresses to which the aeroplane will be subjected, and of the best way to dispose this material so as to secure in the finished machine the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight."

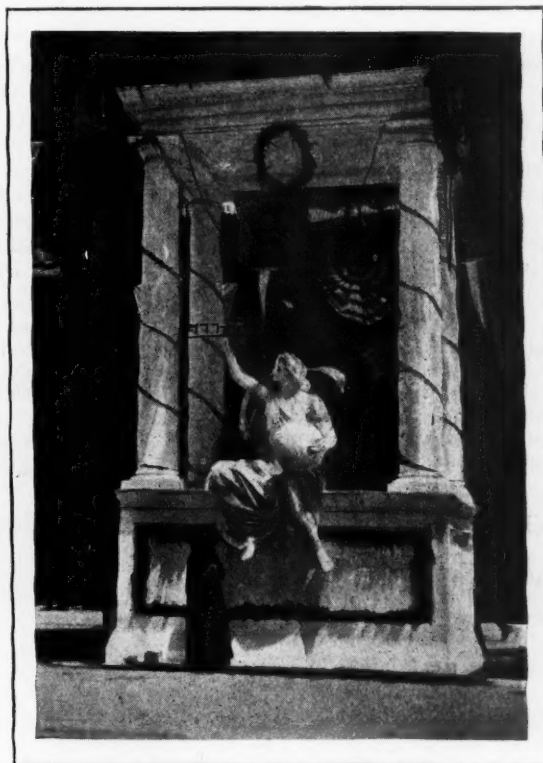
As a "horrible example," the writer tells a story of an aeroplane trial he witnessed recently. Much time and money had been spent on a machine that could never by any possibility get off the ground. The supporting area was large, but the question of weight-saving had been completely neglected, and the machine weighed nearly a ton. It looked light—but it was not. To quote further:

"It may be said, once and for all, that the 'rule of thumb' and the 'cut-and-try-again' method can never be applied to aeroplane building without involving a large amount of useless expenditure of time and money. Already sufficient experimental work has been done, and the results published, to place within reach of the would-be builder of one of these machines sufficient data to enable him to go about his work intelligently. The lifting power per square foot of area, the best angle of flight, the thrust obtainable with a given type of propeller running at a given speed, and many other useful data have been made public, and we advise all would-be experimentalists in mechanical flight to make themselves familiar with as much of this literature as they can lay their hands upon, before determining upon the dimensions of their machines.

"Unquestionably, the most important element as far as the mechanical construction is concerned, apart from the selection of the proper motor, is that of weight-saving. We are all of us familiar with the success achieved by Herreshoff in the construction of

yachts for the defense of America's Cup. The secret of his success lay, not so much in the form of the hull, as in the all-round lightness of the construction. . . .

"Now the weight problem is of even greater importance in the aeroplane than it is in the sailing yacht. The amateur builder, as far as his purse will allow, should select materials which combine



PART OF THE TRIUMPHAL COLONNADE AT DAYTON.

lightness and strength. He should carefully study the nature and amount of the strains to which his machine will be subjected, and dispose his materials accordingly. Let him remember that the total saving in weight is due to the elimination of a pound here and a few ounces there. No economy in detail is so small that he can afford to neglect it."

SHIP-PROPULSION BY CONTRARY SCREWS

THAT the efficiency of the ordinary screw propeller may be increased by using two screws turning in opposite directions on a common axis is asserted by Lieut.-Col. G. Rota, who communicated his conclusions to the Institution of Naval Architects in London recently. We are told by *The Engineering Magazine* (New York, June) that this subject has been investigated at various times since the method was first applied to marine purposes by Ericsson in 1839. General application of the principle has been made in the propelling gear of the Whitehead and similar torpedoes, and as lately as 1892 a little steamer with contrary turning screws was in service on Brent Lake. Within the last two years also a patent has been claimed for a double propeller on a common axis in association with an oil engine and belt drive. The quotations that follow are from an abstract of Colonel Rota's paper published in *Engineering* (London), made by the paper named above:

"Until now, altho the arrangement of double contrary turning screws on a common axis is not new, its superiority as compared with the single screw has not yet been demonstrated in a practical manner. That has been the subject of my researches, and I am

indebted to His Excellency the Minister of Marine in Rome for having permitted me to carry out a complete series of trials with a steamboat in the Royal Dockyard at Castellamare di Stabia, first with a single screw and afterward with two contrary turning screws of different diameters on a common axis. . . . The results obtained by these trials showed that a great gain of efficiency is to be expected with the double screws. It appears that about 20 per cent. of the horse-power can be saved."

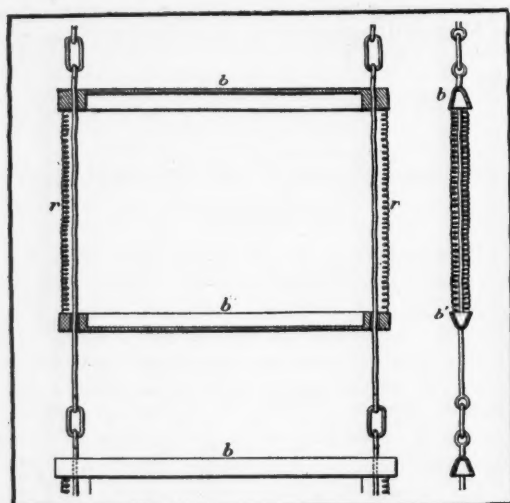
In these trials, Colonel Rota tells us, he used the ordinary reciprocating engine, driving the second shaft by appropriate gearing. The use of turbine engines, by which it would be possible to drive in opposite directions two shafts with a common axis without apparatus unsuitable for use on board ship, will enable the same result to be attained with greater ease, but even if Colonel Rota's estimate of a saving of 20 per cent. in horse-power is all that we may expect, in a cruising ship of moderate size—say 10,000 tons—about 250 tons would be saved in weight of machinery required to obtain 22½ knots, or, on the other hand, a knot more speed could be obtained with the same horse-power. We read further:

"The arrangement for a large installation of two shafts on a common axis and turning at high speed would, no doubt, involve difficult practical problems. There are many problems which should be subjects of careful inquiry. The experimental arrangement of shafts and propellers which I installed on the steamboat for trials has, however, been working satisfactorily for a period of about a year in the ordinary service of the boat."

EVERY LECTURER HIS OWN ASSISTANT

WHO has not attended an illustrated lecture where the lecturer's interesting remarks were interspersed at intervals with directions and complaints addressed to the assistant manipulating the lantern? Such interruptions of the thread of the discourse are rendered impossible by a recent French invention which does away with the assistant altogether and puts the lantern and its slides directly under the control of the lecturer, by means of ingenious electrical apparatus. This device is described in *La Nature* (Paris) by Jacques Boyer, who says:

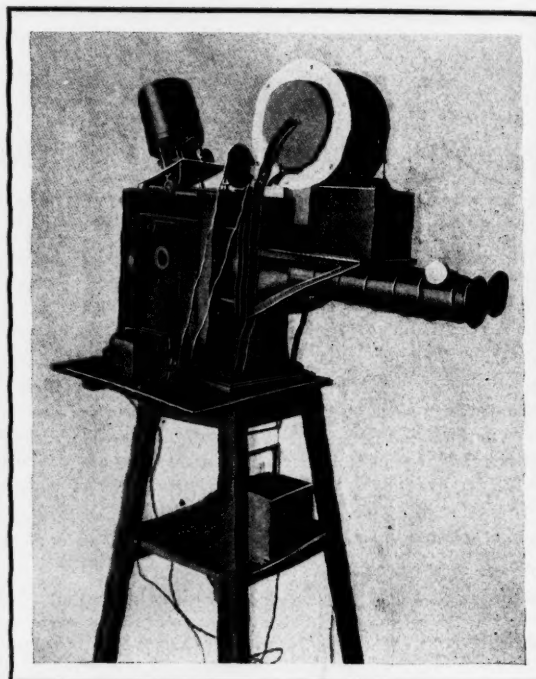
"Projections are tending more and more to become the agreeable accessory and even sometimes the necessary complement of lec-



DETAILS OF CHAIN HOLDING SLIDES.
Front view and profile.

ture-courses and addresses. By enlarging on a screen tiny drawings or beautiful photographs, the professor makes it easier for his pupils to understand an artistic or geographic subject, the demonstration of a law of physics, the description of a machine, or an astronomical phenomenon, while the orator retains better control of his audience, whose attention he is sometimes unable to retain by his words alone.

"But up to the present time an assistant has been necessary to run the slides through the lantern. Thanks to a device invented by Mr. Moulin, of the School of Physics and Chemistry, this operator has been made superfluous. Now, by means of an ingenious mechanism connected with the projection-apparatus and controlled by electricity, any lecturer may from his place throw on the screen, at the desired moment, the picture that he wishes.



LANTERN WITH AUTOMATIC CONTROL OF SLIDE.

As shown in the picture, the device is particularly interesting to teachers. In this case the views may be thrown on a blank wall, and even if the light in the room is quite bright, there will be no need to darken it completely. In this way he may still use his blackboard to furnish the necessary explanations to his pupils, who will continue, on their part, to take notes.

"The slides are arranged one above another in a kind of chain, and wrapt around a drum formed by two parallel disks held together by six bars running across from one to the other at regular intervals. A small electric motor rotates this drum through the intermediary of a tangential screw; each slide is held by springs *r*, between grooves in two bars, one (*b*) fixed and the other (*b'*) movable. The drum picks up the slides from a box placed on the tube that holds the lenses, and they pass from it into the lantern where a guide directs them. After use, they are delivered into a second box placed below the apparatus. The motor may be reversed, so that the lecturer . . . may at will cause any picture to be thrown again on the screen.

"All the controlling devices are within the professor's reach. Under the table, near a switch that commands the illumination of the room, is a second switch for lighting the arc-lamp of the lantern, and for closing the motor-circuit. . . . Two buttons placed on the table enable the lecturer to move the slides in one direction or the other. . . . By means of resistances introduced into the circuit when the keys are partially prest down . . . the motor is caused to turn slowly, so that the machinery may be stopt just at the exact moment when the slide occupies the desired position."

Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

FLIGHT OF BIRDS—The mechanism of bird-flight, and especially of gliding or soaring, is receiving much attention now from students of aviation. In a recent paper noticed in *Science Abstracts* (London) F. W. Lanchester states that the gliding angle of birds varies from 1 in 14 to 1 in 10. We read:

"The gliding angle can not, on account of skin friction, be diminished indefinitely without increasing the velocity. It is, in fact, independent of the velocity. In insects the diminution of weight makes a diminution of skin friction imperative, and plane wings take the place of the pterygoid forms. In plane wings the skin resistance along the upper surface is neutralized or even rendered negative by eddies. Some small birds minimize skin friction by closing their wings entirely for portions of their flight. This 'leaping' flight consists of a series of parabolic curves. The enormous speeds sometimes attained in migratory flights may be partly accounted for by air currents of favorable directions. Perhaps, also, the tenuity of the upper air renders rapid flight easier."

SHALL DOCTORS GIVE UP DRUGS?

ARE drugs to play any part at all in the medicine of the future? We frequently hear it said, even by physicians, that they are ultimately to be discarded and that medical men are to rely more and more on surgery, antitoxins, electro- or mechano-therapy, and so on. An editorial writer in *American Medicine* (New York, May) takes exception to all this. Drugs, he thinks, may not be used so freely, or relied on so much in the future as they have been in the past; but they will certainly not be abandoned. He says:

"A considerable number of honest medical men, and not a few intelligent people of other callings, have . . . shown a disposition to doubt the utility of the medicinal agents that since time immemorial have played a conspicuous part in the treatment, if not the cure, of disease. Consequently, . . . it is certain that the question of drug therapeutics is bound to loom large for some time to come.

"Looking at the matter in a fair, open-minded way it must be admitted that several factors have tended to produce a condition of drug skepticism, if not of drug nihilism. First and foremost has been the multiplicity of remedies submitted and recommended for each disease. The greater the number presented for any one malady, naturally the less esteem each remedy has been able to command in any particular field of activity.

"Second in importance has been the uncertainty of physiologic action, even of the drugs known to possess the most positive therapeutic value. Dosage has been so arbitrary, and individual equations have been so little considered, that the failures have been as frequent as the successes. The great variability of crude drugs has constantly emphasized the fundamental difficulties, and the development and maintenance of fixed standards of pharmacologic strength have seemed almost impossible. And so it has gone. To those who have realized the conditions militating against therapeutic accuracy, it has been a constant wonder that physicians have been able to obtain the percentage of successful results they actually have. As a matter of fact, until a short time ago the use of drugs was little more than an art, highly developed it is true, but still subject to all the limitations and variations that make every art a problem of individual talents and skill. Some physicians in their use of even the crudest drugs have risen to the artistic heights of a Michelangelo, or a Mozart; others, like countless lesser artists, have been obliged to be content with average success; while many others have tasted naught but the dregs of failure. Such is the story of every art, and therapeutics has proved no exception to the rule."

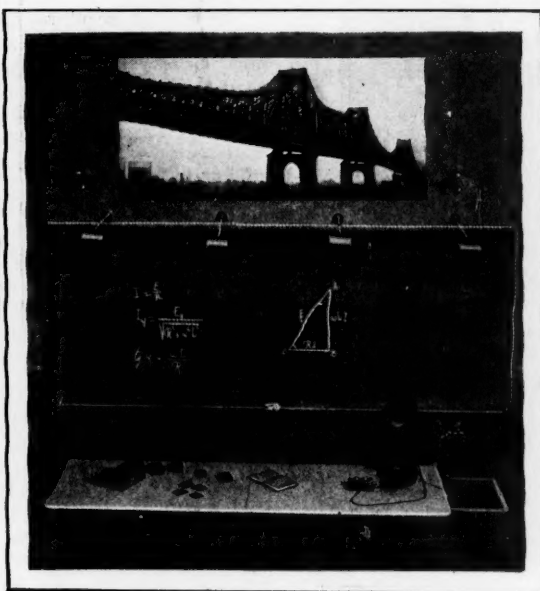
We are to change all this, however, the writer tells us, for at last

we have a science of drugs—a real pharmacology. The determination and isolation of active principles, the establishment of definite standards, the growth of animal experimentation, and the extension of clinical observation are slowly but surely, he says, converting the empiricism of the past into the science of the present. We may now accurately control physiologic functions, modify metabolic processes, and neutralize or antagonize the products of germ activity. We read further:

"Modern methods of diagnosis make possible not only the determination of signs and symptoms hitherto unrecognized, but likewise enable us to place a proper valuation on them. Take for instance the study of blood pressure. A few years ago it meant little or nothing to the average doctor. To-day the physician who does not possess a blood-pressure apparatus and regulate his treatment of certain diseases more or less by its findings, is the exception. And so it is with the blood and other fluids of the body. Physiologic chemistry and the microscope not only tell us certain things about pathologic processes, but enable us to accurately estimate the action and the effects of remedies we use in our efforts to correct them. Can any one question, then, the status that is being created for the therapy of the immediate future? Without a doubt, the dawn of a new era of accurate scientific medication is at hand, an era that holds possibilities in the future conflict with disease that even the most sanguine of us have scarcely dreamed of. . . .

"No, drugs will never be discarded. We may use fewer drugs than in the past, but we will use that few so well that never again will the spirit of drug nihilism rear its hapless head. . . .

"Drugs have a place to-day they never had before, and as our mastery over them becomes more and more complete, the science of medicine will as surely come to its own, as has surgery, 'the damned butchery' of one hundred years ago—the marvel of the twentieth century."



LECTURER THROWING VIEWS ON A SCREEN

By the new device which eliminates the much-abused assistant.

A MILE OF RIBBON A MINUTE—A process of making metallic ribbon at the rate of a half mile to a mile a minute was exhibited by Messrs. Strange and

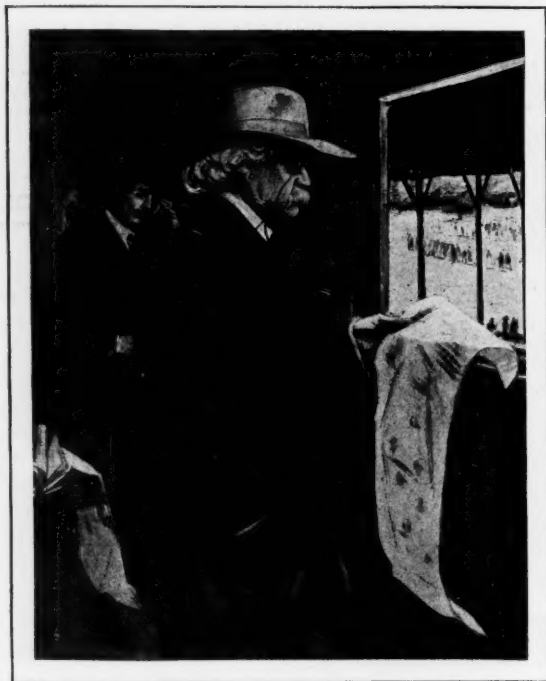
Graham at a recent conversazione of the Royal Society in London. Says *Nature* (London, May 20) in an account of the exhibition:

"The molten metal is caused to flow through one or more nozzles in a thin stream upon the periphery of a rapidly rotating water-cooled drum. The metal solidifies immediately, and is thrown off from the surface of the drum in the form of a continuous and uniform ribbon. It is possible to obtain metal as thin as $\frac{1}{1000}$ inch, and half a mile to a mile of ribbon can readily be obtained from each nozzle per minute. Ribbons of aluminum, lead, zinc, tin, copper, silver, gold, etc., were shown."

The following account of a curious use to which the electric light has been put is abstracted by *Popular Electricity* (Chicago, June) from *Pearson's Weekly*. "There has just been completed inside the Small Bird House at the London 'Zoo,' an arrangement of incandescent lamps, the object of the installation being to induce the tiny feathered inmates to take breakfast a couple of hours earlier than they otherwise would do. It is controlled by a switch outside the building, and each morning at six a keeper turns on the lights. This, of course, arouses the birds, who commence feeding forthwith, under the impression that day has dawned. The same dodge has been used from time immemorial for fattening quails for the London market. These birds feed only in the early morning, so, after being caught, they are kept in underground cellars, fitted with electric lights, which are periodically switched on and off. Every time the lights are raised, the quails start eating, going contentedly to roost when they are lowered. In this way a bird can be induced to eat as many as twenty-four breakfasts in one day."

THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT

THE Bishop of London has long been known for his extensive charities. Nothing of his enormous salary, it is said, is devoted to his personal uses. Recently he has been devoting the fine park-like spaces surrounding his palace at Fulham to an exhibition of church pageantry. The spectacle took place on a ten-acre stage, and enlisted the cooperation of hundreds of people representing every deanery of London and its neighborhood. "Its promoters are hoping by the striking portrayal of scenes from bygone periods of history," says *The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* (London), "to impress upon the minds of those who are privileged to behold it a deepened sense of the continuity of English church life and the influence exerted in the past by re-



From "The Sphere," London

DIRECTING THE PAGEANT FROM A CONNING-TOWER.

Mr. Hugh Moss, the director, called his stage directions through a series of telephones to all parts of his ten-acre stage.

ligion upon the nation at large." The various episodes of this drama are sketched in *The Sphere* (London) in these words:

"The pageant opens with the coming of St. George of England, who reminds the people that welcome him of the 'long tale of the great dead,' of how much England owes to her first apostles, St. Alban, St. Ninian, St. David, St. Patrick, and St. German. These apostles then appear and briefly recite the work they were privileged to do. Among them, too, is St. Ia, the Irish female saint that worked in Cornwall, who—

Speaks for womanhood.
For women dare when men forsake and flee
And work when men have rest.

Then come the scenes in due order. First, the publication of Constantine's edict of toleration, which made it possible for people to be Christians and yet remain unmolested; secondly, the scene of that Alleluia victory which was won on Easter Day, 446, by the British against a combination of heathen Picts and Saxons. It is said that led by St. German, whom they revered as their spiritual father, the British as with one voice shouted the Alleluia. The cry echoed from rock to rock, filling the minds of the invaders with such fear that they fled without striking a blow. The presentation of this incident is a great dramatic success. It has been undertaken by London Welshmen who seem inspired.

"Then in three episodes is told the story of the evangelization of the English. First, the founding of Iona by that Irish Columba who tho hasty in temper was yet withal so warm-hearted and so intensely lovable. This scene closes with St. Patrick's hymn, the Lorica or Breastplate, so called because it was regarded as winning the divine protection for all who would sing it. This is followed by the coming of St. Augustine and his fellow monks chanting the 'Non Nobis Domine,' and who ask Ethelbert for permission to tell his people what Bede called 'the best of all messages.' Then, thirdly, the extension of the influence of Iona through the work of Aidan and Oswald, priest and king alike on fire with holy zeal.

"There is yet one other scene dealing with an event before the Conquest. This represents Dunstan, the first of England's long line of ecclesiastical statesmen, striving to moderate the extreme reforming zeal of his episcopal brethren. What we may call the Middle Age in English history is represented in seven scenes, viz., the sacring of William I., the return and death of Thomas Becket, the granting of the Great Charter, a miracle play and pilgrimage scene, Wycliffe at St. Paul's, the funeral procession of King Henry V., and the refounding of King's College, Cambridge. In the Great-Charter episode the part of King John is taken by the nephew of the Lord Mayor of London, who brings out the vacillation and irritation of the King with real effect. while the miracle play makes us realize something of the joyousness of medieval life. But the most striking episode in the whole of this group is the funeral procession of Henry V. Even the grounds of Fulham, large as they are, are scarcely large enough for this. The long line of mourners chanting that most pathetic of medieval chants, the 'Dies Irae, Dies Illa,' is seen bringing the coffin having upon it the King's effigy in his Parliament robes and bearing the legend, 'After busie laboure commith victorious reste.'"

The refounding of King's College, Cambridge, by Henry VI., illustrates the change of mind that bent itself toward the founding of places where men might be trained to work in the world instead of monasteries where they might escape from it. We read on:

"The modern period opens with a scene representing the dissolution of the monasteries. The incident chosen is the expulsion of the nuns of a Cistercian house. It is a scene of great feeling. The nuns in their beautiful white robes file slowly out. Then comes the coronation procession of King Edward VI., and after that the consecration of Matthew Parker as Archbishop of Canterbury, typical of the claim of the English Church to its liberty to decree its own rites and ceremonies.

"There are yet two more scenes—the death of Laud and the acquittal of the seven bishops. In the scene of Laud's execution it is impossible to look on unmoved. No man ever made a braver or more fitting end than he. Here Croft's pathetic setting of 'The Burial Sentences,' tho composed half a century after the incident, is made use of to express the sorrow of Laud's friends, but the Puritan hymn which is sung later on by the crowd reminds us how sharply the nation was divided at the time.



A COURTIER,

Who figured in the Church Pageant.

"Lastly, in the acquittal of the bishops we see actually represented the stirring scenes so wonderfully described by Macaulay. "Then the pageant closes with a procession illustrating the eighteenth century, . . . the Methodist revival, the crusade against slavery, the evangelical movement."

The Church Times (London), a high church organ, makes this observation:

"There are a handful of people who reproach the Church Pageant with being a glorification of vestments. But nothing is more remarkable than the eager acceptance by churchmen of all schools alike of the assumption of the Church of England's continuity through thirteen centuries of existence. We have, no doubt, to thank in part the exigencies of 'church defense' for this pleasing result of political aggression. But, besides this cause, improved historical knowledge and the dying down of traditional prejudices have given a better perspective to events; the thought of development in the life of institutions and in the evolution or decay of ideas has sunk deep into modern minds; and education toward a truer conception of the Church of Christ, as a visible, organic fellowship, has made gratifying progress."

DR. FOSTER'S DUAL PERSONALITY

THERE is more in the outcry against Professor Foster, of Chicago, than the protest against an heretical book. The controversy contains all the necessary elements for denominational division, says the Chicago *Standard*, a Baptist paper. And the professor himself seems to typify the two elements, as we may see from the sketch of him printed in *The Standard*. It is this:

"There are two Prof. George B. Fosters. One is the eminent scholar, the deep philosopher, the splendid preacher, the sweet-spirited Christian whose life is blameless, the delightful companion whose conversation is profitable unto godliness and good humor. Those who come into closest touch with this Dr. Foster in prayer-meeting, in church service, or in class-room almost inevitably become his friends and admirers. Some of them become his advocates and defenders.

"Then, there is the Professor Foster, the writer upon philo-

reach finality goes back of theologians and of the Bible. This is the man who, apparently, denies many of the cherished beliefs which Christians hold dear. It is he who seems to resent so stoutly all ecclesiastical control that he discerns only the faults of the



From the London "Guardian."

THE ALLELUIA VICTORY.

"Which was won on Easter day, 446, by the British against a combination of heathen Picts and Saxons."

Church; who identifies the Church with its frequent opposition to science; rather than discovering the helpful, spiritual ministry which the Church produces. He it is whose attacks upon doctrine are one-sided; whose conceptions of religion are mystical.

"Given this learned, delightful, religious iconoclast, who undoubtedly believes he is a faith-builder, but who, while helping a few people of a peculiar mental type, is regarded as tearing out from under many others their religious foundations; who is manufacturing and demolishing men of straw labeled with names which are sacred; given such a teacher, and project him into the religious life of a democratic denomination like our own, let him continue to publish his destructive views with sufficient regularity to maintain constant turmoil, and there are provided all the necessary elements for denominational division. That for years there has been no serious split is tribute alike to the personal character of the university teacher and to the forbearance of the Baptists of Chicago."

Too much importance, this journal thinks, has been assigned to Professor Foster's views. As he is a teacher in the Chicago University, not a member of the Divinity School faculty, "his teachings influence comparatively few people and convince still fewer."

Holding such a view, this journal thinks no good can come of "making him another martyr." The Chicago Baptist Ministers' Conference has, however, expelled Dr. Foster from its membership. The article in *The Standard* was written before that step was taken, but as it seemed inevitable the consequences could be foreseen which are presented in these words:

"The conference, organized for 'social, intellectual, and spiritual improvement,' will have been divided into hostile groups, neither of which will be especially social with the other nor promotive of spirituality. The Executive Council, just coming to self-consciousness and needing a united denomination, can not but suffer. Professor Foster will not resign from the ministry, for the conference is not the body to compel such a step. Expulsion from the conference will not settle the merits of the question involved, and is subject to grave doubts as to its wisdom and justice.

"The course to be followed if necessary is for the Chicago Association to call upon the Hyde Park Church to explain to its fellow churches why it maintains upon its list of members one who is not believed to be a Baptist, by many Chicago Baptists. The Church



From the London "Guardian."

THE BISHOPS PRESENTING THE REVISED BIBLE TO KING JAMES I.

sophical and theological themes, the producer of unusual word-valuations, the writer of Germanic sentences with their involved phrases and parentheses; the Professor Foster who is absolutely regardless of the theological theories of the past; who in order to

must answer. If it refuses, it can be disfellowshipped, and Professor Foster with it. If it makes satisfactory explanation, the matter is in a way to be settled. The demands of the conference, however well-intentioned, may, and probably will, prove abortive. The association has power, the conference has not. The appeal to the association, moreover, is in accordance with time-honored Baptist precedent."

ANOTHER RAP AT COLLEGE SCOFFERS

THE *Cosmopolitan* article which summed up the "blasts" imputed to be leveled by the American colleges at the Rock of Ages has drawn a serious charge from the Roman-Catholic Bishop McFaul. This ecclesiastic is reported to have declared at the commencement exercises of St. Francis Xavier College, in New York, that "Harvard, Princeton, and Yale are undermining faith and teaching immorality." The Bishop confesses that his personal knowledge of these colleges is slight, and his charge is based on the Harold Bolce article which, he says, "has been before the public a month or more and no one has arisen to refute it." Until it is refuted he concludes that there is truth in it. In a subsequent interview printed in the *New York Times* the Bishop admits that he was, "in the main," correctly reported, but he enlarges the scope of his accusations to "include Columbia, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, and all the others spoken of in a recent article in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*." This article was treated in our issue of May 8. The Bishop declares:

"I stand to my statement. I was addressing Roman Catholics, and my point is this: I would forbid young Catholics to go to institutions such as I believe these to be, where they will get no moral training; where they will associate with skeptics and agnostics, and where, in the faculties, there is a strong inclination to find faults in and attack Christianity."

The Bishop's address was reported in part in the *New York World*, and from it we cite these passages:

"If the Catholics who are sending their sons to these universities knew of the rascality, immorality, and the disrespect for woman-kind that is being taught in these institutions they would tear down the buildings."

"There are families in this country that are sacrificing their Catholic faith and their church-taught morality in their fanatic and lunatic desire to get into society. That's why they send the sons to Harvard, Princeton, and Yale; they want to get into society through the associates their children meet at these institutions."

"What we want is to send them to Catholic schools, where we teach them that there are such commandments as 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' No power but the Catholic Church can stem these evils."

"The Catholic Church is here to-day to cure the present evils. Our mission is to uproot Socialism, to destroy divorce, and to teach Christianity. The salvation of the Republic depends on Christian teaching. We must consider as one of the Christian problems of the day the education of the millions. Why, even the universities, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, do not teach the Bible—that fetish of modernists."

Commenting upon this address in conversation with a *Times* reporter, the Bishop says that while he does not believe that definite effort is made in these institutions to inculcate wrong or anti-Christian principles, he does believe that all sorts of unorthodox theories, quite opposed to Christianity, are set before the students impartially. He is quoted further:

"I don't believe in turning them loose to make their own selections. I do believe in presenting all sides of a question as we do it in Catholic institutions. We teach the right principle, and then take up opposing ones and refute them."

"At Harvard, for instance, pragmatism is taught. That is no religion; it is not Christianity, yet its author is much admired and looked up to by the students. Therefore it has great influence.

At Chicago University, which was spoken of in that article, Prof. George Burman Foster has written a book stating that God is a myth; that man made God in his own image, not that God made man in his image; that Jesus was a child of his time, and that to copy him now would be fatal; that the Bible is the petrified remains of the Christian religion, and that we are not fallen angels but developed animals."

"The trouble is, these universities teach no definite, sound philosophy. I intended no public attack on any one university, but on all such as teach with such license. I consider education without religious instruction very dangerous to youth, and I intended to advise Catholic parents not to send their sons to places where attacks were made on the Christian faith and morality—where certain professors teach that there is no distinct difference between right and wrong. We can't allow our boys to go to such places."

"The man who wrote that article must have known what he was talking about. I don't refer to actions of the students—solely to the atmosphere of thought diffused among them by the teachings."

The Bishop is answered by a priest of his own diocese, Father Leahy, of Princeton, who is quoted in the *New York World* thus:

"I have been the priest at Princeton for six years and know something of the university. I know that it is fine and all that it ought to be, morally and intellectually."

MORALS FORGOTTEN IN TARIFF REVISION

A LITTLE more prayer and consecration would help the tariff revisionists in Congress, thinks the *New York Observer*. The question of the tariff, it asserts, is not primarily a commercial, but a moral question, even though "it is a convenient but dangerous delusion on the part of designing men that some particular portion of their doctrine or action is exempt from surveillance by the ten words of Sinai." The majority of Americans, the writer asserts, "do not begin by asking what God would have them do as respects their fellow men across the seas, but immediately begin to potter about protection or free trade, as one or the other affects home industries." This writer goes on:

"The time has come, we should think, for the taking of broader and more humane views on these tariff questions. Is it right in the sight of God to increase the wealth of American plutocrats while the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the other colonial possessions of the United States are pinched and given small chance to prosper economically—at best being allowed but a few crumbs that fall from the American rich man's table? One does not need to be a Free-Trader to ask and to answer such questions. Is it not time to prevent the people from being all of them robbed that a few opulent monopolists may grow richer still?"

"And is it not better that the interests of the whole country should be regarded than that the constituents of some one State or town should prevail upon Congress to give them a particular economic advantage over their no more worthy fellows?"

"This recent tariff debate has been a revelation of the abominable selfishness that actuates multitudes of people. When a tax upon some one commodity was proposed, a crowd of people using or wearing that commodity bombarded Congress with protests, the women as well as the men exhibiting a grossly selfish spirit. Trust has been fighting trust—which many might think no evil—and section has been trying to overreach section. Senator Dolliver has exposed the insincerity of many of the profest advocates of revision, while he himself is no great friend to a real, that is, radical, reform. So it goes, and the people are asking, To whom can we look for enlightened and truly patriotic leadership? There can be no remedy for this unblushing selfishness, intrigue, and lobbying until the rank and file of the people, including the legislators, are thoroughly Christianized and are induced to look at public policies from God's high standpoint. The moral of the tariff is that everybody, including both tariff-tinkerers and tariff-payers, should have morals. A little more prayer and consecration would help both the Congress and the people in the framing of the new tariff measures."

MUCH DRAMA ABOUT NOTHING

ONE of our dramatic critics looks back on the past theatrical season through the eyes of little *Peterkin* of the old ballad who was so mystified by the battle of Blenheim. His discouragement is not only expressed by the question—"But what good came of it at last?" He sets up "old Kaspar" in the form of the American playwright and begs, "Now tell us what 'twas all about," meaning those "plays that somehow get themselves presented in the theaters of New York." He confesses to "an uncomfortable feeling that the playwright will be obliged to answer in the words of old Kaspar, 'Why, that I can not tell.'" Mr. Clayton Hamilton, who is the critic in question, sagely observes that "not even the author can know what a play is all about when the play isn't about anything." He feels forced to admit that this "is precisely what is wrong with the majority of the plays that are shown in our theaters, especially with plays written by American authors." With this declaration he goes on in his monthly article in *The Forum* (June) to ventilate the themeless character of our ordinary drama, saying:

"By a theme is meant some eternal principle, or truth, of human life—such a truth as might be stated by a man of philosophic mind in an abstract and general proposition—which the dramatist contrives to convey to his auditors concretely by embodying it in the particular details of his play. These details must be so selected as to represent at every point some phase of the central and informing truth, and no incidents or characters must be shown which are not directly or indirectly representative of the one thing which, in that particular piece, the author has to say. The great plays of the world have all grown endogenously from a single, central idea; or, to vary the figure, they have been spun like spider-webs, filament after filament, out of a central living source. But most of our native playwrights seem seldom to experience this necessary process of the imagination which creates. Instead of working from the inside out, they work from the outside in. They gather up a haphazard handful of theatric situations and try to string them together into a story; they congregate an ill-assorted company of characters and try to achieve a play by letting them talk to each other. Many of our playwrights are endowed with a sense of situation; several of them have a gift for characterization, or at least for caricature; and most of them can write easy and natural dialog, especially in slang. But very few of them start out with something to say, as Mr. Moody started out in 'The Great Divide' and Mr. Thomas in 'The Witching Hour.'"

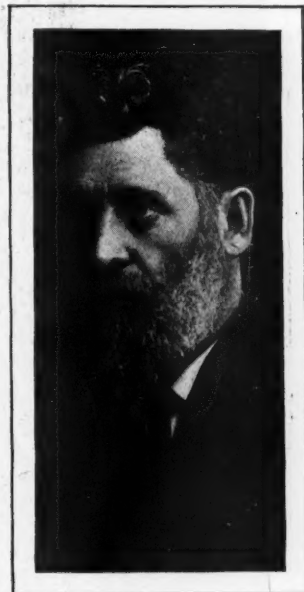
When a play is really about something, observes Mr. Hamilton, it is always possible for the critic to state the theme of it in a single sentence. He goes on to analyze Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour" as a case in point. The theme of that play, he says, is that "every thought is in itself an act, and that therefore thinking has the virtue, and to some extent the power, of action. Every character in the piece was invented to embody some phase of this central proposition, and every incident was devised to represent this abstract truth concretely." Who, after seeing four or five of the American plays that are produced on Broadway, asks this critic, could tell in a single sentence what they were about? Mentioning only "plays that did not fail," he asks what was "Via Wireless" about, or "The Fighting Hope," or "The Man from Home"? "Each of these was in some ways an interesting entertainment; but each was valueless as drama, because none of them conveyed to its auditors a theme which they might remember and weave into the texture of their lives." Mr. Hamilton concludes:

"Most of our American playwrights, like *Juliet* in the balcony scene, speak, yet they say nothing. They represent facts, but fail to reveal truths. What they lack is purpose. They collect instead of meditating; they invent, instead of wondering; they are clever, instead of being real. They are avid of details; they regard the part as greater than the whole. They deal with outsides and surfaces, not with centralities and profundities. They value acts

more than they value the meanings of acts; they forget that it is in the motive rather than in the deed that Life is to be looked for. For Life is a matter of thinking and of feeling; all act is merely living, and is significant only in so far as it reveals the life that prompted it. Give us less of living, more of life, must ever be the cry of earnest criticism. Enough of these multitudinous, multifarious facts: tell us single, simple truths. Give us more themes, and fewer fabrics of shreds and patches."

THE SHAKESPEARE OF THE GHETTO

THE king of the Yiddish Bohemia died in Jacob Gordin. He was a playwright who interpreted his people to themselves. He gave them an artistic standing and coherence in the pictures of life he evolved. Moreover, he furnished the vehicle for the rise to fame of such artists as Bertha Kalich. Now his people are lamenting his end. "Zeitlin's old café is no more and Jacob Gordin is dead," says Bernard G. Richards. The café in Canal Street where he held his court has disappeared along with the clearings for the new bridge. Here, says Mr. Richards, "he held forth and inspired us with his ideals of art and life, or he sat and looked on in silence and impressed us with his strength and mental vigor which peered forth through his piercing eyes." Mr. Richards, writing in the *Boston Transcript*, draws this picture:



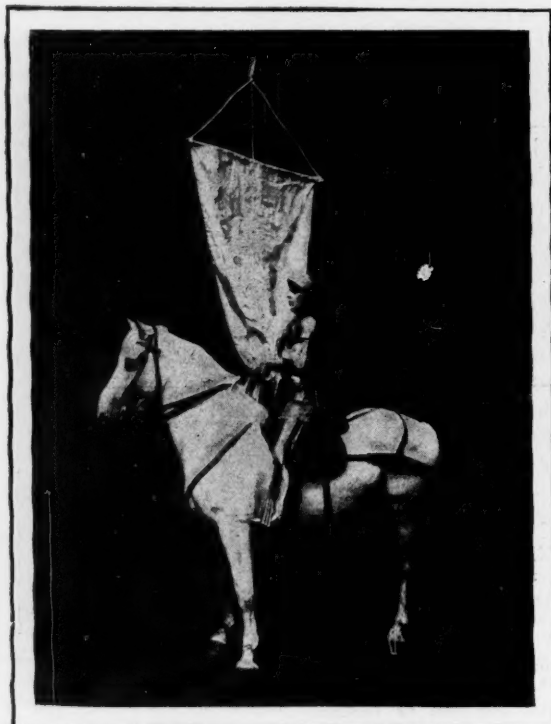
JACOB GORDIN,
Who lifted the Yiddish stage "from the ridiculous to the serious."

"Here he ruled like a king and men came from all parts to spend their leisure hours in this coffee-house because it was Gordin's haunt; 'Gordin's café' they used to call it. Not only the writers and artists and men of thought came under his spell; to this center of Bohemia east of the Bowery came also coarse, crude, and ignorant business men who knew nothing of the value of his work, but only knew that this man made his living by the queer and precarious profession of writing plays for the Yiddish stage; gamblers and race-track men and cheap show people and persons of dubious occupations came here to rub elbows with respectable Jewish merchants and Bohemia in good standing, and few of these could grasp the purpose of the big man's life and work; but all held this tall, stalwart figure in awe and reverence. 'This is Jacob Gordin,' they whispered to each other with bated breath, and there was never a coarse word, nor a lewd expression, nor any frivolous game or show talk in his presence. And when any of them came to be acquainted with him it was a valued privilege to greet 'Mr. Gordin,' to hand him a cigar, and to hear from him some humorous remark or good-natured banter. Passionate card-players left the green cloth to sit for hours in the presence of this man and hear him discourse on things that were far beyond their spheres, but which nevertheless penetrated their inner selves by the force of his intensity and earnestness. Thus many who did not know the plays were held spellbound by the playwright himself."

Gordin's personality, representing the varied psychology of the Jew of the East Side, is analyzed in these terms:

"He was our own in his power of penetrating and interpreting our existence, in his exuberance and zest in life, in his passion for social justice, and in his questioning of fate and fault-finding with

life's arrangements; he was our own in his strength as well as in his weakness, his intense loves and strong hates, his hatred of charity and his great charitableness, his extremes and extravagances, his fervent moralizing and preaching, the strong assertiveness of human dignity; he was our very own even in his desire to get away from ourselves or rather to get away from the cramped conditions, the narrowness, the slavery, the degradation of our Goluth (exile) life; in his yearning for a larger, freer life. A free Jewish people, living its own life in its own land would have claimed Gordin as one of its proudest citizens. An oppressed, scattered, and abjectly helpless people, lacking dignity and freedom of the soul, filled him with contempt for his own brethren. Like many another proud and wounded soul he tried to get away and sought relief for his troubled soul in the solace of social utopias and the sophistries of universal brotherhood. He sought relief and yearned and dreamed and endeavored to reconcile the irreconcilable creeds and then protested and stormed against himself and



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MAUDE ADAMS AS "JOAN."

She put all of her great powers into the character, says a critic.
"She was a living Maid of Orleans."

his own people, and called for and heralded the newer day, which would not dawn. He caught with avidity the ideas prevailing in his youth and clung with whole heart to the half-truths of his time; strong in his opinion as in all things, courageous in his convictions, having faith in man and the power of thought, he preached, agitated, advocated, stirred man to battle for the right in the best way he knew how.

"He was distinctly Jewish in his effort to get away—he never got away. He stayed to deliver to us his universal message, but he would have stayed anyway. He could only have been at home among the homeless, and he stayed long enough to realize and to tell us of our plight in 'Ohn a Heim.'

"He was our own, and he was strong and we flocked to him, for it was enough merely to have shown us this example of strength. Proud, haughty, contemptuous of the weak and petty, recklessly outspoken, courageous to the point of obstreperousness, loving truth and hating all sham, impetuously defying traditions and conventions, intensely fond of preaching and enforcing things obvious and as obviously impossible of attainment, loving and castigating his people, writing out of the best that was in him, and flying over the heads of his audience, seeking to solve the insoluble, and delving fearlessly into the problems of 'God, man, and the devil,' a

strong man and skilled craftsman, he was with all his failings our very own. And he labored and wrought for us and lifted our stage from the ridiculous to the serious."

Gordin was born in 1853 in the province of Poltava, in Russia, and after completing his education, engaged in journalism in Odessa. He devoted himself especially to belles-lettres and Russian literature, not being able to write Yiddish at that time. At the age of twenty-five he fell out of sympathy with orthodox Judaism and founded a society for ethical culture. But the press censorship drove him from Russia and he came to America in 1891.

His first play was called "Siberia," "a sincere study of Russian-Jewish conditions," and tho imperfect itself it was the beginning of reform in the local Yiddish drama. These facts, published in *The Jewish Advocate* (Boston), give an outline of his achievement:

"Being a Socialist of some reputation, Gordin secured a hearing for his play from the radical Yiddish press, which, for the first time, reviewed a Yiddish drama seriously. The success of 'Siberia' opened the doors of the theaters to Gordin's works. He wrote a number of plays in rapid succession.

"For Jacob P. Adler, Gordin wrote 'The Jewish King Lear,' in which there are traces of the old operetta school of Goldfaden. For Mme. Kenia Lipzin, Gordin wrote 'Mirele Efros,' one of the most popular plays in the Yiddish repertoire, and an excellent example of Gordin's best inspiration. He also gave Adler 'The Russian Jew in America,' a loosely constructed melodrama, and 'The Wild Man,' a study of a physical abnormality, which is very repulsive.

"In all these plays Gordin displayed great talent in character-drawing, a keen sense of melodramatic effect, but a disregard of the unities, of the technicalities of the stage, and of the value of directness and terse dialog.

"Spurred on by his needs, Gordin wrote as many as five and six plays each year, some of them original, a number of adaptations, and quite a number of free translations. He introduced to the Yiddish theater-goers the works of Sudermann, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Grillparzer, Tolstoy, and Gorky. He translated Strindberg's 'Der Vater,' which played but one week.

"In plays like 'Die Schechita,' 'Mirele Efros,' and 'The Jewish Sappho,' Gordin reproduced scenes from the life of the Jews in Russia. He was soon forced to write plays in which American-Jewish life was depicted. Of the mass of plays he wrote in this field, the best are 'The Kreutzer Sonata,' 'The Purity of Family Life,' 'In the Mountain,' 'Without a Home,' 'American Dementia.' These local plays, however, do not show Gordin at his best, for they are hurriedly written, loosely constructed, and filled with questionable tendenz.

"His last play was 'American Dementia,' in which he satirized the craze for real-estate speculation among Jews."

A RUSSIAN PRIZE-WINNER—The achievement of Pauline Garb as a rapid assimilator of English must be the record for immigrants; and may possibly be the despair of native-born children. Her story is told in the *New York Evening Post*, together with a brief mention of the school which initiates her into American ideas. Thus:

"Pauline Garb, fifteen years old, who arrived with a shipload of immigrants from Russia nine months ago, received a prize of \$5 in gold for excellence in English composition at the graduating exercises of the Baron de Hirsch School, East Broadway and Jefferson Street. Her subject was 'America.' Altho she had studied eight months only, the child headed the list of prize-winners in a school containing nearly 700 pupils, including a class of adults.

"This was the seventeenth commencement of the Baron de Hirsch School for immigrant children. There were forty-one graduates and ten prize-winners, all of whom had been in the school less than one year. Many had received instruction in their native lands, tho none could speak or read English when they entered the Hirsch school.

"The children displayed much enthusiasm for their adopted country. They sang the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' saluted the flag, gave quotations from Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and American poets, and closed with 'The Star Spangled Banner' and 'America.'"

JOAN OF ARC AT HARVARD

MISS MAUDE ADAMS made so great an impression as *Joan of Arc* at Harvard that one paper speaks of her triumph as a second beatification of the Orleans maid. The New York *World* is responsible for the statement that the secular honors which Miss Adams won at the Harvard Stadium are "comparable in a sense with the ecclesiastical dignity recently conferred on the original of the stage rôle assumed for this occasion by the New-York actress." The same journal goes on to say:

"The leading American university has set the seal of its official sanction on Broadway's favorite star, and an audience of 15,000 drawn from the innermost shrines of culture has testified its approval. To no other native actress has it been given to become the central figure of so imposing a stage pageant or to achieve a triumph in such exceptional circumstances."

The performance of Schiller's

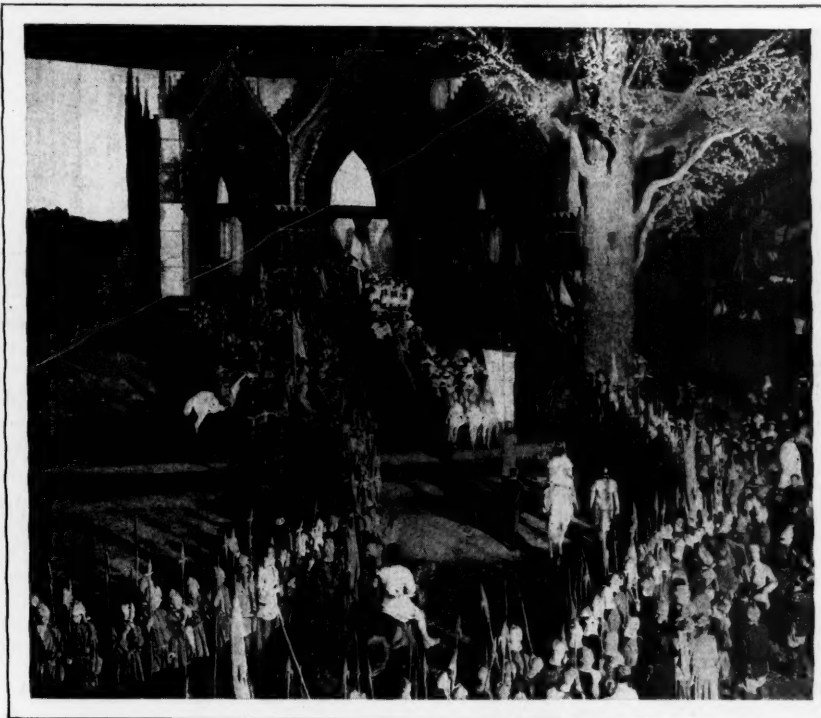
"Die Jungfrau von Orleans" (Joan of Arc) at Harvard is the culmination of a long series of dramatic performances among which was an impressive presentation of "Ædipus" in Greek a quarter of a century ago. The stadium where it took place was transformed into the battlefield of France.

Miss Adams and a company drawn from the Frohman forces gave in English a version made by George Sylvester Viereck with which were incorporated passages from the earlier version by Anna Swanwick. A thousand supernumeraries made this "more a pageant than a play, more a spectacle than a dramatic performance," says Mr. E. F. Edgett, of the Boston *Transcript*, in a letter to the New York *Evening Post*. We quote further from his description:

"For the acting of this drama, for the portrayal of the great events in the life of *Joan of Arc*, as they are drawn from history and imagined by Schiller, there was here no cramped stage bounded by wings and flies and framed in by a proscenium arch. The stage was a section of the field of the Stadium, and the audience faced it in a complete semicircle. It was as if at a theater the orchestra stalls were removed and the action took place within the entire space circumscribed by the balconies. Such a stage as this may best be described as an arena. Directly opposite the center of the semicircle, in the extreme background, arose the arches of the Cathedral of Reims, wherein was crowned the king whom *Joan of Arc* had brought into his own, and similarly lifted themselves the heights whereon were waged some portions of the battles between the French, the Burgundians, and the English. The stage settings, however, served merely as a background, practically the entire action taking place on the open ground, where also the

battles were fought, and where were acted the principal scenes in which the purely dramatic dominated the spectacular.

"Enormous searchlights gave a night as brilliant as day, and the sky roofed in the stadium in a manner that made perfect the illusion of a vast enclosed space. The entrances and the exits of the players, principals, and supernumeraries, were made in accordance with the varied exigencies of the successive scenes, not merely from behind the stage-settings, but as well from openings that pierced the lower wall of buttressed stone steps that form the stadium proper, and upon which sat the audience. In this way advance and retreat of vast crowds was accomplished in almost the twinkling of an eye, making it possible to fill and empty the stage so as to create the impression of an even greater number than was actually present. In all of these scenes of pageantry, the stage directions as given by Schiller in the text of his play, were followed with no little exactitude, altho, of course, with more elaboration, with greater panoply of war, and with vaster multitudes than he could ever have foreseen. The processional march preceding the coronation of the



SCENE AT THE HARVARD "JOAN OF ARC" PLAY.

The Maid of Orleans on her white charger is here represented entering the Cathedral of Reims to assist in the King's coronation.

King, for instance, filled a ten-minute period that seemed even longer to the spectators because of its changing and glittering appeal to the eye."

This performance was "pantomimic in no degree," says Mr. Edgett. He goes on:

"The players could be heard as well as seen, they acted with as complete an understanding and skill as if they had been treading the boards to which they have long been accustomed, and they helped in the maintaining of an illusion that was frequently more complete and more overpowering than are the ineffectual realistic struggles of the theater. The performance as a whole and in detail was as impressive as it was imposing. Mere numbers in themselves count for nothing. A bare stage and a human passion are sufficient to sway an audience, but, of course, they may be effectively aided by their environment. The 1,500 people that gave life to this presentation of 'Joan of Arc,' from Miss Adams down to the most insignificant participant, the 15,000 who witnessed it, were all part of a tremendous drama that was looked upon and listened to with persistent emotion, and that was received with continuous applause.

"Miss Adams, in the rôle of *Joan of Arc*, was no vigorous peasant girl, such as the real Joan of Arc may have been. She was Schiller's *Joan of Arc*, a fragile, spiritual maiden sent by heaven to free her country and enthrone her king. It was evident that her mission was a miraculous one, that she herself was a miraculous figure dominated by human instincts. So much was due to Miss Adams' personality. Aside from the mere visual characteristics, aside from the effect of temperament, in other words, as a piece of acting, she showed an unexpected command of the character and an exceptional skill. Her voice carried throughout the full extent

of the amphitheater, and with the assistance of her companions, she made the play audibly as well as visually understandable to the many who had come with no previous knowledge of it. Of the others there is no need for individual mention. They were practised players capable of both subordinating themselves to and of standing out above their surroundings."

MRS. ATHERTON AFTER THE CRITICS

MRS. ATHERTON seems to introduce variety into her novel-writing and globe-trotting activities by stirring up some of the moribund energies of her literary fellow craftsmen. Not long ago she took the novelists by the ear, so to speak, and tweaked them for turning out a dead-and-alive, ascetic fiction under the awful literary dictatorship of Mr. Howells. Now she takes the critics by the hair. Novel-writing, she admits, improves almost from year to year, but she asserts that there is no appreciable improvement in criticism. She allows the critic no credit for the general improvement in public taste in matters of literary art. That is declared due to "the natural taste of the American people, developed by universal schooling, many, cheap (or free) libraries, the increasing number of first-rate writers, and the good style in which the best newspapers are written." Writing to the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books* (June 19) Mrs. Atherton takes a fall out of the critical confraternity in these words:

"But while the public taste has indubitably improved, and writers are popular to-day, who, fifteen or twenty years ago, would not have sold a thousand copies, this failure of the critic to keep pace with the general march of intellect retards development in a measure by confusing standards and leaving a man of natural taste to grope for the best; when a fine critical judgment, impartial and impersonal, exprest by those who have signed their names long enough to become authorities, might set him on the right path at once.

"The majority of 'best sellers' (hideous expression) deserve their popularity and the newspaper praise they receive, for in this weary world, fiction is a godsend, and as to be popular it is necessary, above all things, to be interesting, the most impatient scoffer may be sure that no best seller is dull. It is not to any one's success that I would take exception, therefore, but I do strongly object to the misuse of terms applied by both the publisher's 'writer-ups,' and the reviewers, who, I take it, prefer to make sure of retaining their positions by recommending strictly orthodox fiction, rather than to improve the artistic appreciation of the public.

"The latter weakness might be pardoned if they would let the word 'art' alone. Take such books, for instance, as two of recent date, 'Katrine,' and 'The Inner Shrine.' The very fact that they contain all the elements of popularity, makes it the more unjust, both to the public and to those authors who, indifferent to critics and monthly lists of 'best sellers,' are making a consistent attempt to write literature, that books of this sort should be heralded with adjectives none too strong to be applied to the most profound psychological novel, and to work of the highest creative order. A recent article yclept 'The Art of Elinor McCartney Lane' (written, no doubt, by a friend of the author for *The Times*, which probably reaches more readers of fiction than any literary publication in the country) was full of misapprehensions of the mere word 'art.' 'Seeking always for the right word, the one word,' 'hesitating months before surrendering her book, that the construction, characterization, and style should be absolutely perfect, and rank her with the greatest of living novelists,' we read elsewhere. More was never said of Maupassant. As a matter of fact, it is long since I have read a book so thoroughly inartistic as Mrs. Lane's. Dramatic allusions that lead to nothing, meaningless shifting of scene, a racing, leaping method of construction that did not even pause to build bridges, a clumsy machinery in which events are pulled about to fit preconceived incidents, are a few of its offenses. And as the book was bound to be popular, notwithstanding its defects, it was not at all necessary to assure a puzzled public, always, in this progressive age, seeking education, that it was a work of the highest art. It is a story full of the winsome charm of the author's personality; the characters, if taken from books rather than from life, are simpatica; it is interesting, breathlessly so, and it ends well for those that like weak men and most women

do. But it is a thousand miles from being a work of art, and it was unfair to boom it as such.

"The Inner Shrine' is another sinner. It is a rattling good story; its careful writing is seasoned with epigram; it is rapid in its movement, with an abundance of dramatic situations; it has a society flavor and a happy ending. Again the publishers might feel confident of a vast sale without protesting to the immense numbers that subscribe to their serial publications that it is a great novel, a work of originality and power, a searchlight thrown upon life and the human heart, or some such stuff. But while the publishers, in this day of keen competition, with every other publisher announcing that every new novel is 'great' or 'distinguished,' might be forgiven (for bread is bread), there is no excuse for the critic that praises such a charming light novel as a work of art, and extols it particularly because one scene succeeds another as rapidly as those of a play, 'without one superfluous word.' I have read the last extolment repeatedly and wondered if these people, whose duty it is to guide the public taste, even guess that they are using the term which should be applied to a good play and a bad novel. A novel without a single superfluous word is not a novel at all, but a long story."

POETS THAT SWINBURNE DIDN'T LIKE

IT comes out that Swinburne had no great opinion of American poets except Walt Whitman. He made this known to the late Edmund Clarence Stedman in the course of personal correspondence that is now given to the world in advance of the Stedman biography by his granddaughter, Miss Laura Stedman. These letters are published in the *London Times* and contain the following characteristic utterances from Swinburne in reply to what we may assume to have been Mr. Stedman's differences of opinion:

"Your rebuke on the subject of American poetry is doubtless as well deserved as it is kindly and gently exprest. Yet I must say that while I appreciate, I hope, the respective excellence of Mr. Bryant's 'Thanatopsis,' and Mr. Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode,' I can not say that either of them leaves in my ear the echo of a single note of song. It is excellent and good speech, but if given us as song its first and last duty is to sing.

"The one is most august meditation and the other is a noble expression of deep and grave patriotic feeling on a supreme national occasion. But the thing more necessary, tho it may be less noble than these, is the pulse, the fire, the passion of music, the quality of a singer, not of a solitary philosopher or patriotic orator.

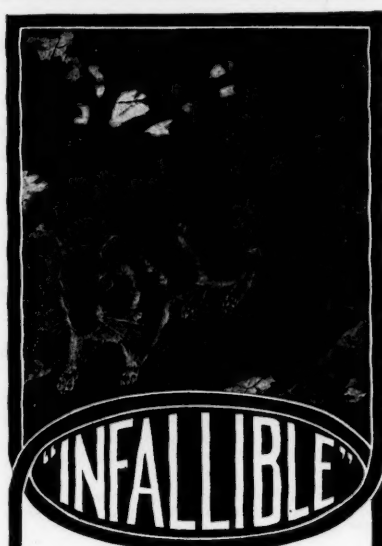
"Now, when Whitman is not speaking bad prose he sings, and when he sings at all he sings well. Mr. Longfellow has a pretty little pipe of his own, but surely it is very thin and reedy. Again, whatever may be Mr. Emerson's merits, to talk of his poetry seems to me to be like talking of the scholarship of a child who has not yet learned its letters.

"Even Browning's verse always goes to a recognizable tune. I say not to a good one. But in the name of all bagpipes, what is the tune of Emerson's? Now it is a poor thing to have nothing but melody and be unable to rise above it into harmony. But one or other, the less if not the greater, you must have. Imagine a man full of great thoughts and emotions resolved to express them in a painting who has absolutely no power upon form or color. Wainwright, the murderer, who never had thought or emotion above those of a pig or butcher, will be a better man for us than he."

The matter doesn't seem to have rested here, for it comes up again in a subsequent letter, and Swinburne presents some reversals of judgment, and some added prods of his critical stick. He says:

"I read your former letter very carefully and have since reread a good deal of Emerson's first volume of poems, therein mentioned, which certainly contains noble verses and passages well worth remembering. I hope no personal feeling or consideration will ever prevent or impair my recognition of any man's higher qualities.

"In Whittier's power, pathos, righteousness (to use a great old word that should not be left to the pulpsters) of noble emotion, would be more enjoyable and admirable if he were not so deplorably ready to put up with the first word, good or bad, that comes to hand and to run on long after he is out of breath. Mr. Lowell's verse, when out of the Bigelow costume, I never could bring myself to care for at all. You know my theory, that nothing which can as well be said in prose ought ever to be said in verse."



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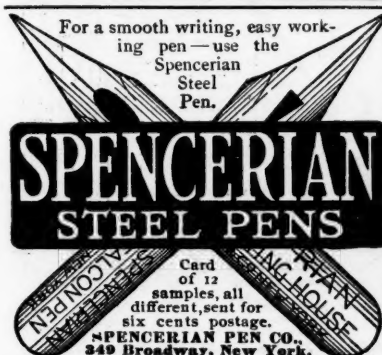
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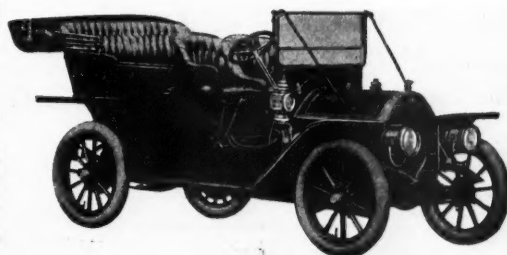
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CURRENT POETRY

April

BY WILFRED FUNK

The young morn is fair and warm
And soft as a maiden's shy caress
And near as lovely! here and there
The still, white clouds do lightly bless
The green hills with a grateful shade.
The wind is hushed and low, and breathes
Sweet perfumes that the fragrant heaths
Have caught from the sobbing dawn.

But this same wind was cruel and keen
A month ago, and young and old
The wretches shrank in their tattered rags
And wept with the numbing cold.

The dawn is deep-flushed as the rose
And full as sweet; far, far below
In lazy, dimpled sunniness
A stream is dreaming of the low
Green, sweeping willows o'er its edge.
—O the whisper of a maiden's dress
—Two laughing eyes—a swift caress
Caught in the summer breeze!

Ah! this same wind sang shrill and keen
A month ago, and young or old
The beggars cringed in their tattered rags
And wept with the numbing cold.

—Nassau Literary Magazine.

The Maid

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, ironshod;
The White Maid and the white horse and the flapping
banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for
fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who
rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high
name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are
lance and bow.
Dust the Cross of Saint George; dust the banner of
snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the
shafts of the foe.

Forgotten the young knight's valor; forgotten the
captain's skill;
Forgotten the fear and the hate and the mailed hands
raised to kill;
Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows
that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long
ago:
Shadows the poor French king and the might of his
English foe;
Shadows the charging nobles and the archers kneeling
a-row,—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with
her banner of snow!

—Pall Mall Magazine (London).

George Meredith

(Died May 18, 1909)

By J. F. T.

Rossetti sleeps beside the restless wave,
And Swinburne by the surges of the sea;
Should not God's acre in green Surrey be
For the third friend a fair and fitting grave?
Ah! better than the Abbey's gloomy nave
The dear earth of his home, the grassy lea
O'er which the skylark pours his melody,
With the blue heaven for temple architrave?

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There will the pilgrims of his genius go
To pay the debt of reverence at its shrine;
Bury the brave man where Death laid him low!
Nature he loved, and men; and by that sign
I think that he would wish to have it so—
A simple grave which might be yours—or mine.
—*The Spectator* (London, May 29).

Chill of the Eve

BY JAMES STEPHENS

A long, green swell
Slopes soft to the sea,
And a far-off bell
Swings sweet to me,
As the gray, chill day
Slips away from the sea

Spread cold and far,
Without one glow
From a mild pale star,
Is the sky's steel bow,
And the gray, chill day
Slips away below.

That green tree grieves
To the air around,
And the whispering leaves
Have a lonely sound,
As the gray, chill day
Slips away from the ground.

The long grass bends
With a rippling rush
To the soft, white ends
Where the roots are lush,
And the gray, chill day
Slips away in a hush.

Down by the shore
The slow waves twine
From the rock-strewn floor
To the shell-edged line,
And the gray, chill day
Slips away with a whine.

And dark, more dark,
The shades settle down,
Far off is a spark
From the lamp-lit town,
And the gray, chill day
Slips away with a frown.

—"Insurrections" (Maunsell & Co., Dublin)

In Memory of Meredith

BY ALFRED NOYES

I.

High on the mountains, who stands proudly, clad
with the light of May,
Rich as the dawn, deep-hearted as night, splendid
and pure as day,
Who, while the slopes of the beautiful valley throb
with our muffled tread,
Who, with the hill-flowers wound in her tresses,
welcomes our deathless dead?

II.

Is it not she whom he sought so long through the
high lawns dewy and sweet,
Up through the crags and the glittering snows faint-
flushed with her rosy feet,
Is it not she—the queen of our night—crowned by the
unseen sun,
Artemis, she that can see the light, where light upon
earth is none?

III.

Huntress, queen of the dark of the world (no darker at
night than noon),
Beauty immortal and undefiled, the eternal sun's
white moon,
Only by thee and thy silver shafts for a flash can our
hearts discern,
Pierced to the quick, the love, the love that still thro'
the dark doth yearn.

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IV.
What to his soul were the hill-flowers, what the gleam at the break of day.
Under the keen, sweet firs of the lake where the swimmer clove his way.
What were the quivering harmonies showered from the heaven-tossed heart of the lark,
Artemis, Artemis, what were these but thy keen shafts cleaving the dark?

V.
Frost of the hedgerows, flash of the jasmine, sparkle of flower and leaf,
Seas lit wide with the summer lightning—shafts from thy diamond sheaf,
Deeply they pierced him, deeply he loved thee, now has he found thy soul,
Artemis, thine, is this bridal peal, where we hear but the death-bell toll.

—The Daily Mail (London).

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF PRINCETON PROFESSORS

THERE are two kinds of professors: those who are hits with the students and those who are not, says a recent writer on college preceptors, who goes on to state that the only difference between these two classes is that some of them don't mind bending out of their chairs now and then to be agreeable, while the others never give it a second thought. The writer, in *The Bohemian Magazine* (July), gives some fleeting glimpses of both these types as they are represented at Princeton. Here, he says, it is possible to observe without expending a great deal of energy the complete repertoire—"the scholar—whose name is Legion, as it should be, with an upper case L—the man of affairs, the dreamer, the athlete, the boulevardier, the man-who-gives-a-cinch-course—every-year-and-never-realizes-it, the collector of degrees, the expert, quoted now and then in the papers; the celebrity, the gentleman of the old school, and that most beloved of men, the students' friend." President Wilson is described thus:

Architecturally he is about the most satisfactory figure of a college president that one could meet in a day's walk through any number of campuses. If you happened to be crossing the Princeton campus some balmy spring evening, for example, you might be fortunate enough to meet him emerging from the iron gates of Prospect, the local White House, on his way to preside at some one of the many commencement meetings. You would see a tall, slim man, arrayed in all his academic glory from the tip of his gold-fringed mortar-board to the skirt of his velvet-hemmed gown, carrying his head just high enough and acknowledging the bows of the students he meets with a smile so cordial that it contradicts completely the impression of asperity created by his thin aquiline features. It takes a liberal education to be able to tell what all those hoods and tassels and velvet stripes stand for. But if you confine your attention to the

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man himself, you will walk away after he has passed, murmuring to yourself, "There goes a man who ought to be a college president."

In support of his statement that "no one can 'knock' more vigorously and more pointedly without disregarding good taste than President Wilson," the writer quotes the following incident:

The story has been told of a fall he once took out of President Butler of Columbia at a certain educational gathering. The man from Manhattan had been discoursing at some length on the life and alertness of Columbia, which he characterized as a busy university in the midst of a busy city. To draw a comparison he is reported to have referred to Princeton as a sleepy little town in New Jersey where there was no hurry or bustle. He thought that Columbia was located in a place where a man was kept alive and was in no danger of falling asleep. President Wilson was the next speaker. In his opening remarks he declared that possibly the sentiment of Columbia's president could be understood more readily when one recalled that it had been said, "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." And every one agreed that the drinks—the ice cream sodas—were undoubtedly on Nicholas.

Henry van Dyke, we read, has three class-room mannerisms—glancing upward from his book to the ceiling when he is reading aloud, jingling his keys, and wearing outspoken waistcoats. I quote further:

The first time that he flashes that glance skyward his class naturally turns in its seats and follows the general direction of his eyes. They wonder whether there is a leak in the roof, or whether a sparrow is roosting among the beams, or what it can be that causes him to direct his gaze always to the same spot. After a while they discover that he is only varying the monotony of looking at the printed page, and that there is really no object of interest which he is watching surreptitiously. The waistcoat characteristic creates some association between Dr. van Dyke and the men about whom he lectures. He may be speaking of John Ruskin's leaning toward sky-blue neckwear, for example, and even while the words are being spoken the lecturer will flip open his own coat and present to the awestruck undergraduate gaze a black and white check or a dark-green stripe that makes Mr. Ruskin's choice of colors seem very tame indeed. His lectures are always punctuated with the jingle-jingle of many keys. When one hears the volume of sound that emerges from the lowest depths of his evidently copious pockets, it fairly takes one's breath away to think how many things he must have locked up. Occasionally he combines all three mannerisms. Holding a book in his right hand, his left holding back his coat as it rattles away in his pocket, he will read aloud sometimes for half of his lecture, flashing ever and anon that fleeting glance upward at the elusive invisible something on the ceiling.

SECRETARY DICKINSON IN ACTION

JACOB M. DICKINSON, the new Secretary of War, is described as a tall, muscular, wiry man. He is said to look like a Western pioneer, with his heavy eyebrows, and a rather fierce mustache. Secretary Dickinson is, of course, notwithstanding this superficial Western atmosphere, a full-blooded Southerner. His biggest claim to fame, before his late appointment to the Cabinet, was his service as counsel before the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal in 1903. After a detailed description of the proceedings of this court, a writer in the *Outlook* sketches Secretary Dickinson in action thus:

After Mr. Watson had spoken for the American side, Sir Edward Carson, Solicitor-General of Great

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Britain, summed up the case for England. He took up a great amount of time with his rather dry argument, and suddenly stopped the day before he was expected to conclude. Judge Dickinson was instantly called upon to sum up for the Americans. One of the American observers present in the audience thought that this might be a dodge to "put Dickinson in a hole." At all events, Mr. Dickinson arose amid general curiosity. His was a vivacious figure among those impassive-looking men, and their demeanor apparently made him only the more assertive of his own characteristics. As he said the other day: "I could not resist the temptation to break the ice by telling a story." So he began:

"Mr. President, when we adjourned yesterday afternoon, my understanding was that the Solicitor-General would continue throughout the day. In the effort to economize the time of the Tribunal, he has doubtless abbreviated his notes, and for that reason I have to come on somewhat unexpectedly. Possibly I should not regret this, as it gives me an additional claim upon the patience and forbearance of the Tribunal, all of which I shall need. . . . So far from feeling any sense of confidence, I am in a position very deeply to sympathize with the feeling of the Confederate soldier who, when the battle-line was sweeping forward in the last fearful charge at Chickamauga, and a rabbit jumped up and ran through to the rear, cried out: 'Run, Cottontail! If I did not have any more character at stake than you have, I would run too.'"

The learned counsel and the grave judges looked at one another in amazement. But the story was irresistible, and their faces broke into smiles and then laughter. The British sober-sides actually shook, and wigs were at a discount.

But this was only a pleasant beginning to an impressive end. As Lord Alverstone said to Judge Dickinson: "Your argument will not suffer by comparison with those that preceded on this or any other arbitration"—words of extraordinary praise and appreciation from one who knew the history of arbitration intimately. In truth, the argument had converted Lord Alverstone. Hence, his vote decided the case in favor of the Americans.

WHAT LIFE AND SONG MEAN TO ONE OPERA SINGER

MADAME EMMA EAMES, who has announced her retirement from the operatic stage, has written a farewell word to her American public. The valedictory is, in a way, a short, sketchy autobiography, and is peculiarly interesting because of the light it throws upon her more personal and domestic life. We quote in part from *Pittman's Magazine* (June):

From the moment when, on the occasion of my *début* at the Grand Opera House in Paris, the public frantically applauded me, until to-day, I have always been obliged to drive myself onto the stage. As I went on as *Juliet* for the first time, I did so filled with illusion and forgetting even my own personality. When the public burst into applause, I was filled with horror, that it was I they were applauding; instead of elating it terrified me. I fought my way out of that, of course, even on the first occasion; but for years to sing in concert was not only a torture but an impossibility. I could only face the public in some one else's personality. I say that the American public has made my career a possibility by sending me the wave of affectionate encouragement and pride in my achievements without which I should have been paralyzed.

I am terribly sensitive to atmospheres, and in order to do my work I had to surround myself with an impenetrable wall—an armor of apparent indifference.

Madame Eames's "great loves in life" are "nature in all her moods, animals, and beauty, and above all to lead a normal life." She continues:

There is nothing of the gipsy in me, and my life has been nomadic in the extreme. The result of all this driving has been frequent physical and nervous breakdowns, which I concealed and overcame in silence. To be pitied is to fail to excite enthusiasm. The man with a grievance is invariably a social leper. To me a large city is a prison. . . . I

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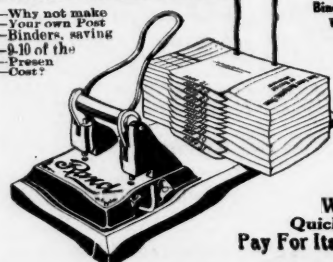
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shall never again imprison myself in bricks and mortar for a season of opera.

Referring back to her operatic beginnings, Madame Eames says further:

Many were the evenings in those first years, when, after frequent recalls, and the public at the highest pitch of enthusiasm, I drove home crying with discouragement. My subjective and objective mind are quite separate, and in addition to singing my opera and acting it, I was criticizing myself as I went along. Instead of being driven to madness, I have put all that anguish behind me; but I now wish rest and change, and above all to live the normal life of a gentlewoman. The public has shown amazement at my desire to retire from active life at the very height of my powers and accomplishments. In America my public has been my beloved and loving friend, and I wish it to understand me at last, and my reasons for leaving it.

A word about my ideals: My voice and my body have seemed to me instruments with which I was to accomplish my work, or as Gounod once said to me, "The canvas on which one paints"—to which I add—"one's thoughts." There is the keynote of my endeavor. To be a real singing, acting interpreter. To be sufficiently mistress of the technic and expression in both arts to be independent of them. Then to let my current of thought go on uninterruptedly to the public. The more my work ripened, the more clearly I saw that the thought wave could carry farther than voice or theatrical gesture.

It is a truism to add that the theatrical and the dramatic are as different in meaning as the words mind and body. For dramatic thought to carry, one has to learn to be theatrical, as a painter has to learn to draw. The longer I sang the more I wanted to demonstrate in opera the power of the thought wave. I at last did so, a year ago, in Mascagni's "Iris," when I sang and acted a Japanese girl convincingly, to New York, Boston, and Chicago audiences, and even to the satisfaction of the Japanese. I was obliged to do almost without gesture, to change every line of figure and face. I gave the impression of a small young girl, although in the first act I wore clogs raising me three inches. I had in addition to traverse with my thought the unimaginative positivism of the orchestral leader. I tried in vain to present to his mind images of Japan, and was obliged in the end to detach myself from him, and even at times combat him, as his only idea of a Japanese was taken from "The Mado." I say all this to prove the strength of thought, which carried even in my mute scenes. To do this means mental and nervous exhaustion after each performance. In the mentally lighter operas, such as "Le Nozze di Figaro," however, I feel as fresh as possible, because I can be more or less myself, though sustaining thoughts and moods. The exhaustion of being some one else all the evening is incomparably greater than even appearing some one else, and in that lies for me the difference between the theatrical and the dramatic. The latter word has been so misused that one pities it; in the mouths of many people, it seems to mean explosiveness and effort only.

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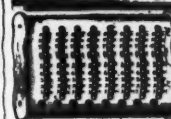


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Conscience-Struck.—Alderman Mulcahy, of New York, discussing credit, said: "The man who asks for credit awakes your suspicion, and your suspicion usually turns out to be just."

"A bartender told me how, the other day, a steady chap turned to him from the free-lunch counter and said:

"Can you trust me for a glass of beer till to-morrow evening, friend?"

"No, sir! Nixit!" said the bartender.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the man. "It seems kinder small to eat the amount of free lunch I've done and then not buy nothin'!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Secret.—MAMA—"The French teacher has recently been praising your pronunciation, Lizzie." LIZZIE—"That is because she didn't notice that I had a cold in my head."—Simplicissimus.

Anything to Oblige.—In divorcing a fool and his money most of us are willing to be named as corespondents.—New York Press.

Flattery.—ARTIST—"I am really flattered to see you like my picture and offer such a good price for it. But it's not quite finished."

MOTORIST.—"It doesn't matter. I just wanted the canvas to repair a burst cover."—The Scotch.

Irish Bulls.—Michael Macdonagh says that Ireland's bulls are still as numerous as her snakes are not. Mr. Macdonagh was over on the Emerald Isle not long ago, trying to do for Ireland what Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences" did for Scotland. In his *Irish Life and Character* (Thomas Whittaker) he tells about the first Irishman he met there. He was a hairdresser in Kingstown.

As I was leaving, the man tried to induce me to buy a bottle of hair-wash. "What sort of stuff is it?" I asked. "Oh, it's grand stuff," he replied. "It's a sort of miltum in parvo—the less you take of it, the better."

Then Mr. Macdonagh proves himself no true son of Erin by explaining what the barber really meant. A few days later, the writer was walking with a friend over the Wicklow Mountains, where they met a "character."

"Well, Mick," said my friend, "I've heard some queer stories about your doings lately." "Och, don't believe him, surr," replied Mick. "Sure, half the lies told about me by the naybours isn't true."

The following notice Mr. Macdonagh saw posted in a pleasure boat on the Suir:

"The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

And this he clipt from a Kingstown newspaper: "James O'Mahony, Wine and Spirit Merchant, Kingstown, has still on his hands a small quantity of the whisky which was drunk by the Duke of York while in Dublin."

The turning off of bulls seems indeed to be infectious from Irish air. Englishmen succumb to it when on the island. Witness the annual report of the commissioners of national education, where this information appears over their august signatures:

"The female teachers were instructed in plain cooking. They had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves in turn."—Catholic Fortnightly Review.

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Good Evidence.—"When she hit him with the golf ball, did it knock him senseless?"

"I guess so. I understand they are soon to marry."—*Central Methodist Advocate.*

At the Commencement Game.—*SHE*—"Oh, isn't the man that throws the ball, on your side, just splendid! He sends it so they hit it every time."—*Life.*

Generous.—"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," said the mistress admiringly to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own."

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."—*Central Methodist Advocate.*

A Christian Warning.—"We deem it a solemn duty to warn young couples either to avoid thirty-nine-cent hammocks or else to hang them very low."—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Capitalistic Ref. tions.—"The pronoun 'I' and the interjection 'O' are never written without using a capital. Let 'U' be added, and it signifies that the writer has got no capital at all."—*Judge.*

The Idea.—*NORAH*, after watering the lawn—"Missus, do you hang up your hose?"
MISTRESS—"Certainly, not, Norah; we always pay cash!"—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

What Did He Mean?—*THE MAJOR*—"I saved that rose you gave me last week, Miss Antique; for tho it is withered it still reminds me of you!"

MISS ANTIQUE—"Sir!"—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

The Superiority.—"The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with, but a man can make a goose of himself with one."—*Christian Register.*

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

June 21.—The *Mauretania* cuts fifty minutes from her previous best transatlantic time eastward.

June 22.—The Albanians win a battle with Turkish troops; the latter's losses are 14 officers and 350 men killed.

The celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of Darwin's birth begins at Cambridge University. Queen Victoria of Spain gives birth to a daughter.

June 23.—Five Americans and four English travelers are drowned by the swamping of a rowboat on the lower lake of Killarney.

The German Reichstag passes, on second reading, the clause of the finance bill providing for the unearned-increment tax.

June 24.—The Reichstag at Berlin rejects by a vote of 104 to 186 the Ministry's bill to extend inheritance taxes to direct heirs, including widows and children.

The troops of the Sultan of Morocco defeat the rebels under Roghi outside of Fez.

Domestic

WASHINGTON

June 24.—Attorney-General Wickersham orders the dismissal of the Government's suit against the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Boston & Maine, and other railroads for violating the Antitrust Law.

An emergency appropriation of \$10,000,000 for the taking of the next census is authorized by the House.

GENERAL

June 20.—The jury in the long-drawn-out trial of Patrick Calhoun, the traction man of San Francisco, disagrees, standing ten for acquittal and two for conviction.

June 24.—Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, dies at Berwick, Me.

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